

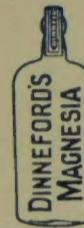
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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1935.



A SPEECH BY THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA: HAILE SILASSIE I. DELIVERING AN ADDRESS ON THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN SITUATION FROM THE BALCONY OF HIS PALACE IN ADDIS ABABA, THE CAPITAL OF ETHIOPIA.

The Emperor Haile Silassie I. of Abyssinia is here seen speaking from his palace in Addis Ababa. As we write, the most important speech he has made during the Italo-Abyssinian crisis was delivered in the Parliament House on July 18. It caused considerable offence in Italy. In the course of it, the Emperor declared that Ethiopia would defend herself to the last, adding: "Your Emperor who addresses you will be in your midst, not hesitating to pour out his life-blood for

the independence of Ethiopia . . . better die free than live as slaves." He then stated that he rejected a protectorate or mandate of any kind from any country, and appealed for unity in defence of the fatherland. Finally, he repeated his desire for peace. For the first time in the history of the country, booklets of the Emperor's speech, printed in Amharic and French, were distributed to the Members of Parliament and to various other interested parties.

AN EYE-WITNESS ON ITALIAN MILITARY ACTIVITY IN EAST AFRICA.

A BRITISH SETTLER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THINGS SEEN AT THE PORTS OF ITALIAN SOMALILAND AND ERITREA, DURING A TRIP HOME FROM MOMBASA.

By R. T. ROMAN. With Photographs by the Author. (Copyright Reserved.)

JUST recently I sailed on an Italian liner from Mombasa, homeward bound, and on the third day we steamed into Mogadiscio, the main port of Italian Somaliland. The bay presented a scene of great military activity. Fifteen other steamers, nearly all flying the Italian flag, were landing troops and discharging cargo. A number of planes of the Air Force circled overhead. Incidentally, by way of diversion, a monster shark was caught on a line by the crew of a cargo boat anchored next to us. The man-eater was speedily despatched by rifle fire and then hauled aboard.

The harbour police boarded our liner, and those wishing to go ashore had to obtain an official permit. Many thousands of troops were encamped under canvas on the hot sands of Mogadiscio under the pitiless sun. It would be difficult to imagine a more barren-looking, heat-stricken place on this globe of ours. An English journalist with a friend and travelling companion booked their passages here. Their story was that they had been sent out by a home paper to report on the Italian-Abyssinian

material destined for the Abyssinians. Huge chests labelled "Provisions" were found to contain arms and munitions. Ships arriving after us had to anchor outside the harbour, awaiting their turn to enter as soon as more berths became available. One of these was a 22,000-ton luxury liner commandeered by the Italian Government for the conveyance of troops. The long quay was piled house-high with stacks of war material. There were timber for barracks, ready made in sections for erecting; screw pickets and barbed wire, material for a light railway, foodstuffs of every description, arms and munitions, vast quantities of road materials,

"CONGESTED WITH LINERS TURNED INTO TROOP-SHIPS, CARGO-BOATS, AND MEN-OF-WAR": THE HARBOUR AT MASSAWAH, IN THE ITALIAN COLONY OF ERITREA.

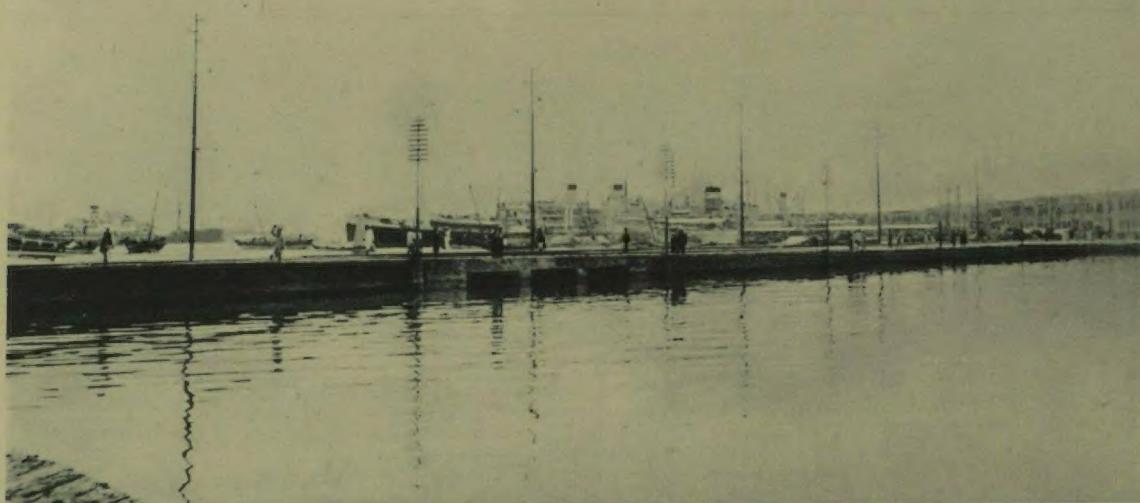
a camera to take a photograph of the Governor's Palace than we were stopped by a patrol. (Later on I managed to take a few snaps unobserved.)

A point of interest that impressed us all was the great number of American lorries and cars employed in transport. Orderlies on motor-bicycles dashed in and out of the endless stream of traffic, where "V-8's" had to crawl along at the placid pace of the camel-drawn vehicles. Above all the hubbub and noise rose the monotonous sing-song of the native porters, feeding the cranes and shifting cargoes, adding to the many colourful odours that of sweating humanity. A fellow-passenger went to the Post Office to buy stamps. He stood in a queue, buffeted this way and that, for an hour and a half, when, perforce, he had to give it up in a half-dazed condition.

When we had returned to the boat, we amused ourselves by throwing coins to small naked native divers. I did not see a single coin missed which was thrown into the sea within reasonable reach of these children. On reappearing on the surface, they would hold up the retrieved coin and then stow it away in their mouths. When these were filled to capacity, they clambered into their canoes and paddled off to the next liner. Many more Italians came on board, including a large number of deck passengers. We were overcrowded. Soldiers and labourers made up their sleeping quarters in the passages of the second economic. Every spare corner was utilised to the utmost. Late in the afternoon a deluge of rain drenched everything, quickly cooling the strained atmosphere. In a short while the quay was under water, and piles of cement in bags and simsim cake, for which no tarpaulins could be found, were soaked. Next morning we continued to load the wet simsim cake.

More troops disembarked and marched off, headed by their band. They hardly conformed with our ideas of a British regiment on the march. The Italians marched out of step. Many of the soldiers had, apparently, not found time to shave their faces; others, a few, carried no rifles. Thirty-six hours behind time we steamed out of the harbour of Massawah.

It is difficult to picture a fighting race like the Abyssinians brought to submission in their own vast and trackless country by any European force, however highly trained and well equipped. The nature of the mountainous country, almost completely roadless, is one of the main obstacles; lack of water is another. One frequently heard the opinion expressed by Italian officers that their army would take the offensive in September, with the advent of the rains. Three or four months of intensive warfare from the air and the enemy would be subdued, one gathered. In other quarters it was rumoured that the world would see a repetition of Napoleon's historic campaign in Russia in 1812. But what mortal is to foretell the destiny of nations?



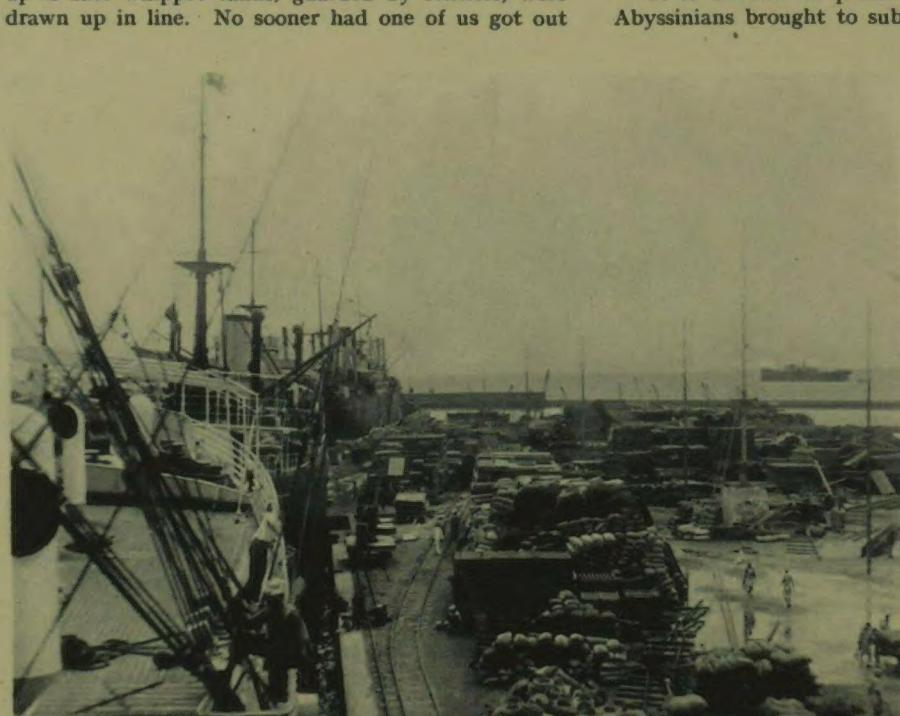
NOW "A COLOSSAL CONCENTRATION CAMP OF THE ITALIAN FORCES" IN EAST AFRICA: MASSAWAH, THE CHIEF PORT OF ERITREA—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HARBOUR AND QUAY.

activities. On the way out from England they had obtained letters of introduction from men of note in Rome, but even with these they were ignored by the authorities in Mogadiscio, and were, in fact, prevented from taking photographs. Their week's stay in Mogadiscio had, as far as one could gather, not only been a waste of time, but had also turned out none too pleasant an experience.

Up to this point we settlers from Kenya and Uganda had had the boat more or less to ourselves, but from now on we were to be no longer the sole passengers of the fine liner. Some hundred and fifty Italian troops embarked. The officers were accommodated in the first class, the N.C.O.'s in the second class, and the ranks in the second economic. Nearly all the N.C.O.'s were proceeding on home leave after five years' service; whilst many of the troops were being sent back to Italy as unfit for service in the Tropics. Talking to the soldiers, one gained the impression that they were glad to turn their backs on Italian Somaliland. The heat is abominable; furthermore, it appears that the Abyssinians, even to this day, still deal with their unfortunate prisoners as they did thirty years ago. It also seems hard on the men to be disallowed their daily ration of wine, which they have been used to, in fact weaned on, from their childhood days. Several Italian casualties, too weak to walk, were hauled aboard from a tender in a net with a ship's crane and were then placed in the boat's hospital.

After twenty-four hours we weighed anchor. A pleasant four days at sea and we sighted Massawah, where, eventually, we made fast to the quay. This port has become a colossal concentration camp of the Italian forces. Asmara, the capital, is situated a hundred and twenty kilometres inland, and is reached by train within three hours or so. The Salt Works at Massawah are well worth a visit by the tourist. The harbour was congested with liners turned into troop-ships, cargo-boats, and men-of-war.

A story was circulated that a German steamer, anchored in the harbour, was held up by the authorities for attempting to land six thousand tons of war



"THE LONG QUAY WAS PILED HOUSE-HIGH WITH STACKS OF WAR MATERIAL": A SECTION OF THE WHARVES AT MASSAWAH—LATELY A SCENE OF INTENSE ITALIAN ACTIVITY—WITH SHIPS ALONGSIDE.

THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN CRISIS: ITALY MOBILISING HER MILITARY FORCES.



TYPICAL OF THE ACTIVITY NOW GOING ON IN ITALY, WHERE THE ABYSSINIAN QUESTION OVERSHADOWS EVERY OTHER: BERSAGLIERI LEAVING NAPLES AFTER HAVING BEEN ORDERED TO EAST AFRICA.



TYPICAL OF THE TROOPS ITALY IS POURING INTO EAST AFRICA, WHERE SHE IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BETWEEN A QUARTER OF A MILLION AND THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN: ITALIANS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE "FRONT," EQUIPPED FOR SERVICE DESIGNED TO ENABLE ITALY TO IMPOSE HER WILL ON ABYSSINIA.

Signor Mussolini, speaking recently to the political director of the "Echo de Paris," said that the moment of decision in the Italo-Abyssinian dispute had come, that he had mobilised two more divisions (50,000 men), that he knew the risks and the difficulties, that he had reflected, weighed and prepared with minute care, and that all he could say was that Italy was sure of imposing her will. That Il Duce is taking every precaution has been evident from the very beginning of the crisis.

It is estimated that Italy's East African forces now number between a quarter of a million and three hundred thousand men—or will do so in the very near future. Further, General Valle, the Under-Secretary for Air, stated last week that he hoped to be starting for East Africa before long with 300 bomber aeroplanes. Meantime, it is more and more evident that there is but one subject that is discussed in Italy; and there is much military enthusiasm among all classes.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT has passed into a proverb that aged persons are alarmed at new ideas; or that the old are terrified by the opinions of the young. It would be far truer to say that the old are exasperated at the reappearance of old ideas; and that what terrifies them is not the talk of the young, but the necessity of talking about the notions of their own youth. This idea of the importance of new notions or ideas is itself already a rather old idea. It is not old, perhaps, in comparison with more living ideas; but it is very much older than any living men. There are not many venerable gentlemen, still hobbling about the streets, who can claim to have walked with Rousseau beside the Lake of Geneva; or taken tea with Bolingbroke in the Court of Queen Anne. And that is the very latest date at which anybody could pretend that this notion of the importance of novelty was new. Rousseau is now criticised, not only as something romantic, but as something entirely remote; and historians, after the most careful and scholarly investigation, have finally established the conclusion that Queen Anne is dead. But it was in those far-off days that men first began to indulge the purely modern habit of looking forward to new things, and trying to forget old things; often forgetting that they might possibly be the same things. They were always talking about the sunrise, and seemed to forget that the very word might well remind them of the sunset.

But the more immediate paradox of the position is this: that there have been so many sunrises and sunsets, following so quickly on each other, even in the length of an ordinary human life, that it is very difficult to prove to an old or experienced person that the sun when it rises is an entirely new and unexpected comet. Now, it is my own experience that the few ideas that really have in them something original are rather refreshing to experienced persons. But what goads the experienced persons to a senile rage, approximating to madness or murder, is the fact that they are asked to accept, as fresh, ideas which even in their own experience are stale to the point of stink; as if an aged professor in a boarding-house were offered a new-laid egg at breakfast, which his ornithological or palaeological knowledge enabled him to recognise as a fossil egg of the extinct *Archaeopteryx*. When, therefore, you observe white-haired patriarchs foaming at the mouth, falling down in a fit, kicking over the furniture, or otherwise showing signs of excessive and indefensible fury, do not imagine for a moment that it is because they have just heard some revolutionary opinion that they have never heard before. It is exactly the opposite; it is because they have just heard some opinion with which they were bored in their boyhood; and which they imagined (in their simplicity) that they had themselves completely refuted in academic works published in their thirtieth year.

Though not actually so far advanced in years as to foam at the mouth or fall over the furniture, I am myself a sufferer from feelings of this sort when I hear about many of the notions, apparently supposed to be new notions, which are abroad in Europe just now. The curiously clear and compact example of this is to be found in what is commonly called Hitlerism or the new Nazi enthusiasm for the German nation, or, rather, the German tribe. If it really were a new development, I should be opposed to it; but I might possibly be interested in it. As I know it is an absurdly old-fashioned notion, even by the test

of recent fashion, I am horribly bored by it. I know too much about it. Long ago, when I was young, I knew all about it. When I was very young, I even knew that it was true.

When I was in my first, as distinct from my second childhood, people gave me little brown and green books by Mr. Edward Clodd and even Professor Max Müller; which told me the whole story about how the Aryan race came out of the high plateaux of India,

these words, or something like them, when they were talking Sanskrit in Asia; and still said something like them when they were talking Greek in Athens or English in Acton, it was felt to be finally proved that the whole story was true. I do not even now know, or care, whether it was true. But it occurred to me, even in early life, that the argument was slightly slender; and that a good many other things might have happened. For instance, the Europeans might have advanced into Asia, with loud shouts of "Papa" and "Mama," instead of the Asiatics advancing into Europe. In infancy I vaguely supposed the story was true, chiefly because it was dull, and not so interesting as *Jack and the Beanstalk*. But if my first childhood is indeed to return and invade my second childhood, I would much rather it brought back the story of *Jack and the Beanstalk* than the story of the great march of the Aryan race.

Anyhow, there went along with that dear old nursery fairy-tale all the fantastic additions that decorate it in Germany to-day. I knew all about the test of Teutonic blood; the pre-destined unity of Teutonic tribes; accompanied with the cheerful certainty that the English nation was only one of the Teutonic tribes. This idea, indeed, became somewhat obscured in middle life, for many people besides myself, say somewhere about the year 1914, but at least I imagined that everyone knew that it was an old idea that had been obscured; and I never dreamed that anybody would suppose it was a new idea that had just been started, as Hindenburg would say, "by a Czech lance-corporal" after the Armistice. Yet I saw, in a very well-informed paper the other day, the suggestion that the whole theory and the whole enthusiasm had begun with Hitler. The writer seemed never to have heard of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, let alone Carlyle and the German historians. Now naturally any person of long experience has gone into Carlyle, and through Carlyle, and out at the other side; and nobody can teach him anything about the great Germanic blood-brotherhood or the glory of the gods of Asgard. He has had his fair amount of admiration for Carlyle; he has even survived his annoyance with Carlyle; he knows that literary men are an annoying lot of people at best. But he is really annoyed when he finds that all that venerable Victorian stuff, smelling of the Great Exhibition and early chemical experiments presided over by Prince Albert, is being dug up again and presented as an unprecedented outbreak of vigour in the new Nazi State.

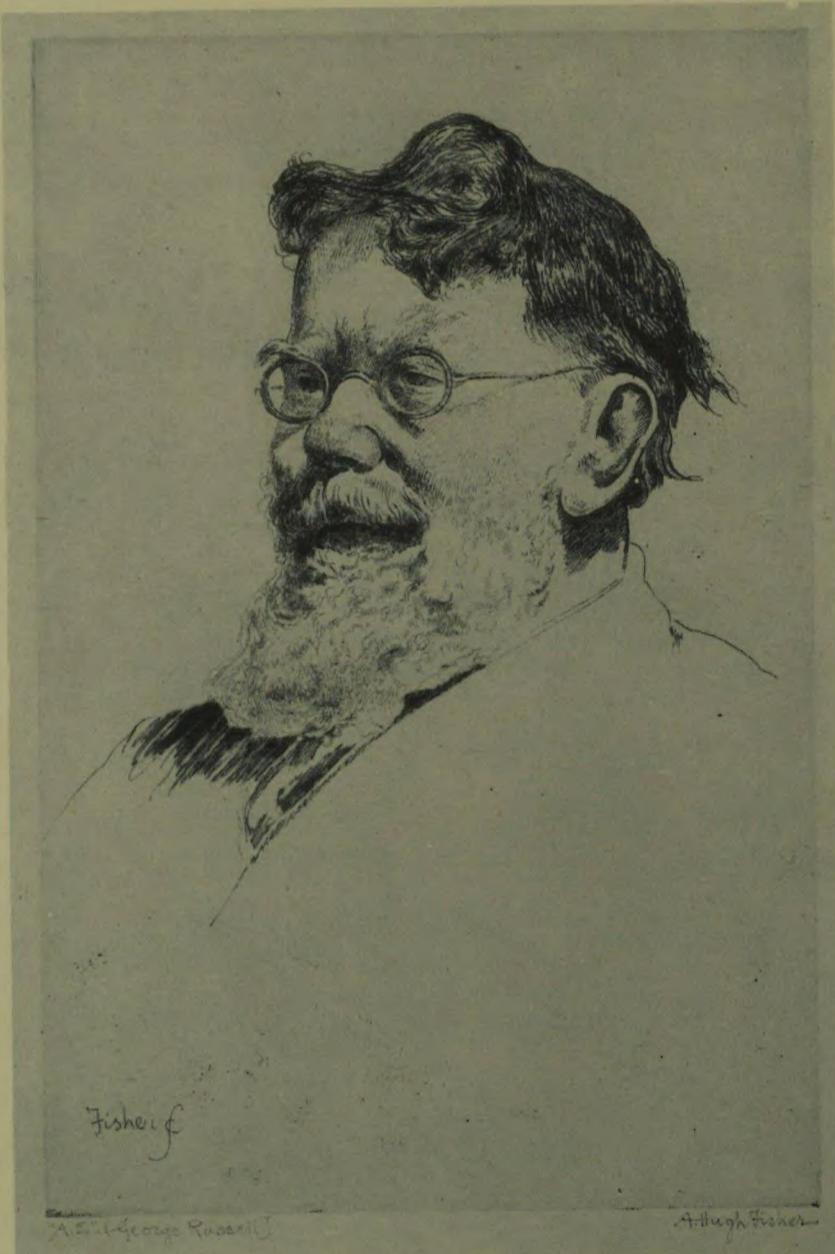
That is the real problem; that anywhere on this planet anything so utterly old-fashioned should be the fashion. That it may have merits as well as demerits is very possible, as have many old-fashioned people; that it

"A.E.": THE LATE G. W. RUSSELL, POET, ARTIST, AND ECONOMIST.

Mr. G. W. Russell, the Irish poet, painter, and patriot, died on July 17, aged sixty-eight. His pseudonym, "A.E.," represents "Aeon," a word used by the Gnostics which caught his imagination in early youth. He began his career as a clerk in a large Dublin warehouse, but attended an Art School in the evenings and frequented literary circles. He had great talent as a painter. His first volume of verse was "Homeward: Songs by the Way," published in 1894; and his second, "The Earth Breath," in 1897. Meanwhile, he was becoming known as a writer on economics, and he was editor of the "Irish Homestead," the organ of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society. Subsequently, he was editor of the "Irish Statesman" from 1923 to 1930. "The Interpreters," published in 1922, is probably his best known prose work. His "Song and its Fountains" was published in 1932, and "The House of the Titans and Other Poems" in 1934. Russell played a part in the negotiations preceding the establishment of the Free State, and might have held office in the Irish Government had he chosen to do so.—[From the Etching by A. Hugh Fisher, A.R.E.]

and marched westward, wiping out all the lesser breeds without the law, and spreading all over Europe to be the ancestors of all really respectable European peoples. I was taught, according to the morals and metaphysics of the time, that as they were my ancestors, they must have been just like me; and as they were just like me, they must have been uncommonly fine people. There did not seem to be very much else that anyone knew about them, except that they had long golden hair, and that they said "Papa" and "Mama"; as is the case with various golden-haired dolls to this day. But, as they said

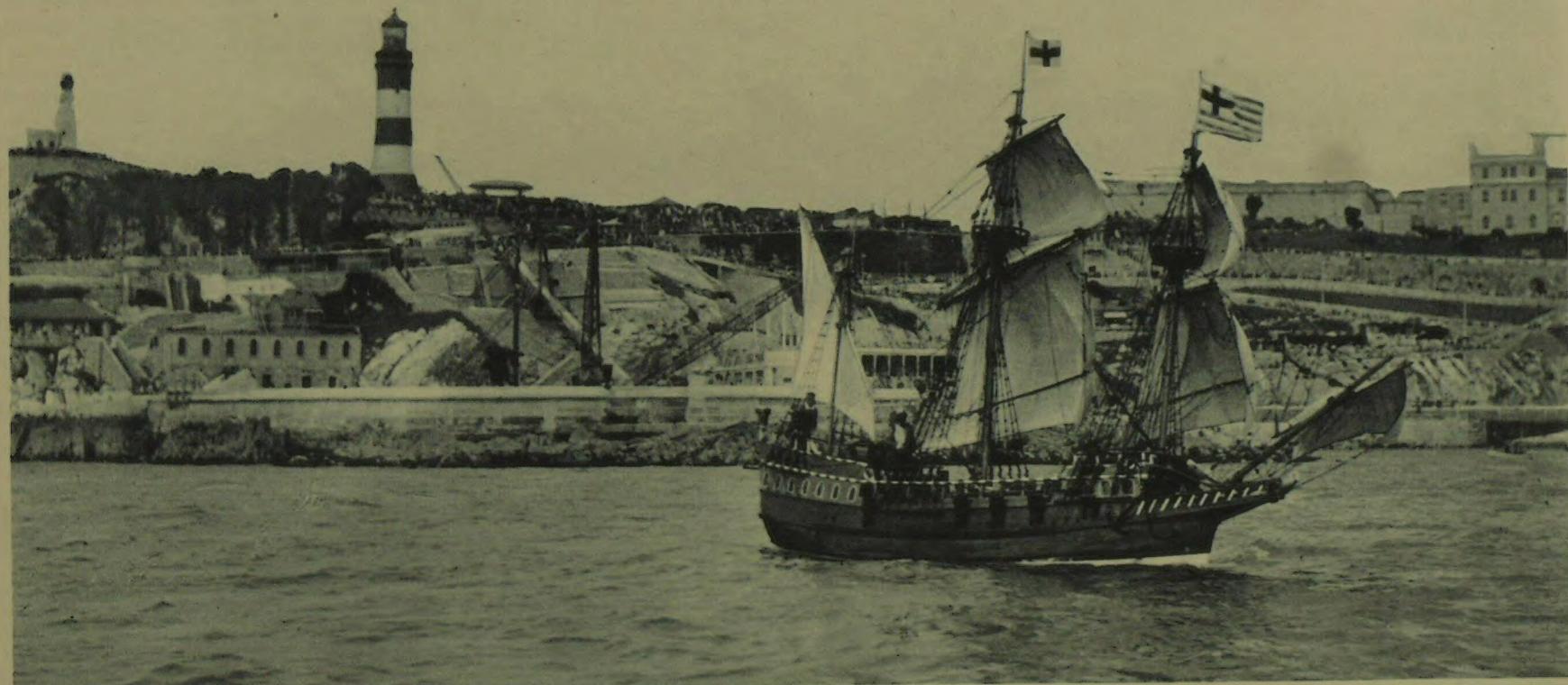
may have been provoked by peculiar circumstances is arguable; so has many a reaction into a remote past. But that, in the course of one lifetime, the thing that seemed utterly threadbare and tedious in the school-room should return as news in the newspaper, that is really something at once wearisome and wonderful; or at any rate quite wonderfully wearisome. It is as if, by some queer old dusty etiquette that everybody had forgotten, Royal Heralds should go through all the streets of London, with trumpets and tabards, proclaiming that Queen Anne is born.



NAVY WEEK: NELSON'S "VICTORY"; AND DRAKE'S "GOLDEN HIND" IN LITTLE.



REHEARSING THE GRAND FINALE FOR NAVY WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH: "ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY," THE MOST FAMOUS SIGNAL EVER FLOWN BY A BRITISH WARSHIP, HOISTED ON THE "VICTORY."



AT PLYMOUTH, WHERE IT WILL BE FEATURED IN NAVY WEEK: A HALF-SCALE MODEL OF THE "GOLDEN HIND," THE 100-TON SHIP IN WHICH DRAKE SAILED ROUND THE WORLD—MANAGED BY TWO OFFICERS AND NINE SEAMEN OF H.M.S. "DRAKE," THE R.N. BARRACKS AT DEVONPORT.

Navy Week is being held at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham on August 3 and then from the 5th to the 10th. It will present numerous special features, and the public will be able not only to go aboard famous ships, but witness displays of a most stirring and fascinating character. As to our pictures, it should

be noted that throughout the Navy Week at Portsmouth there will be a Grand Finale, including the hoisting of the most famous of all signals—"England Expects That Every Man Will Do His Duty"—on the "Victory" herself. As to the half-scale "Golden Hind," this will cruise during the Plymouth Week.

RODS AND AXES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"MUSSOLINI'S ITALY": By HERMAN FINER.*
(PUBLISHED BY GOLLANZ.)

THIS able, spirited and exhaustive study—the most comprehensively analytical which has yet appeared in English on a subject of great moment—naturally begins with a chronicle of three things which are essential to the understanding of Fascism as it now exists: the depressing story of Italian government from 1870 to 1922; the early influences and activities which made Mussolini; and the rise and triumph of the Fascist party amid the political chaos of post-war Italy. These events, well and concisely narrated by Dr. Finer, we cannot here attempt to follow, though some of them are sufficiently startling when they are recalled to memories (as our memories nowadays tend to be) somewhat bewildered by the rapid transformations of recent events. It is, for example, strange to recollect that as late as 1919, Mussolini, though he had been a definite figure in national politics since 1912, was able to command less than 5000 votes out of 346,000. It is equally paradoxical to remember that until a year before he came to power, Mussolini was an ardent Socialist—one who, even when he was expelled from the Socialist Party for his advocacy of Italy's entry into the war, professed a love of Socialism only exceeded in intensity by his hatred of Socialists (a sentiment since amply demonstrated). It is interesting, again, to be reminded of the actual circumstances of the March on Rome.

Dr. Finer describes it in unromantic terms. "A handful of disinterested idealists of nationalist and syndicalist faith had banded themselves together to effect a national recovery from middle-class decrepitude, incompetent parliamentarianism, national defeatism, and communistic and anarchistic propaganda. . . . The most capable and forceful politician in Italy, who had begun his political career as an anti-bourgeois, had headed a revolt of adolescents drawn mainly from the bourgeoisie, because he and they said that the Socialists and Communists were a peril." This, we repeat, is not a heroic description—and yet it is not an unfair description—of one of the Decisive Battles of modern politics; but be it remembered always that these determined zealots, because they were "disinterested" and because they had faith, achieved an immediate purpose which cannot be regarded as anything but legitimate. It was when they had to find *ultimate* purposes, to use and to justify the power which they had wrested from those who were unworthy of it, that their problems began.

While our author's historical retrospect is most illuminating, the English reader will be more anxious to learn from Dr. Finer the answer to a question which has long puzzled him. What is Fascism? What governing idea animates it? In what fundamental respects does it differ from the other systems of government which different societies have devised?

If Dr. Finer can supply no explicit answer to this question, that is because, as he tells us himself, there is no explicit answer to it. The Duce has himself endeavoured to formulate Fascist theory in a single encyclopaedia article. We naturally go to this fountain-head: and Dr. Finer subjects its waters to minute chemical analysis. It is no disrespect to a very remarkable man to say that the Duce's pronunciamento consists of nothing but phrases—no disrespect, because the same might be said of many statements of political theory. But it is really extraordinary to what an extent this authoritative enunciation deals in rhetorical abstractions. From them we may disengage two dominant principles—or, rather, two articles of faith: for, as Dr. Finer insists again and again—and as, indeed, all its leading exponents insist—Fascism is, above all, a matter of faith, of religion, of creed so ardent that (as is well known) it has incurred theological displeasure as a rival to spiritual creeds.

The first dominant idea is the complete and unquestioning subjection of the individual to the State. "All in the State, nothing outside the State, nothing against the State": or, in Mussolini's own words, "All is in the State and nothing human or spiritual exists and much

less has any value outside the State." What, then, is this State? Dr. Finer discusses the many possible interpretations of the overworked term; but his answer, so far as Fascism is concerned, is blunt. "What is the final authority in this country? The State. Who expresses what the State wants? The Government. Who speaks the first and last word for the Government? Mussolini. What, then, is the State? Signor Mussolini." Now, it would be a misrepresentation to suggest that this crude result converts the lofty professions of Fascism into mere hypocrisy: to deny to Fascism a very large element of what is commonly called "idealism" would be to misunderstand it grievously: but Dr. Finer's contention is

fact—namely, that all experience, happiness or misery, benefit or burden, is individual, and that the only beneficiary of the social order, whether it be based on Capitalism, Socialism, Fascism, or Communism, or any other kind of -ism, is, in the long run, the individual human creature. Any theory, therefore, which looks *only* to the life of the group ends in a fallacy. Why, indeed, is there any particular sanctity in the concerted action of the group? It is commonly answered that the group is obviously more powerful than the individual: it can do more. But the mere fact that it *does* more or less means nothing in itself, unless what it is doing eventually accrues to the benefit of the thinking, feeling, acting human beings who compose it.

The second dominant idea in the official creed of Fascism may be described as the principle of Vitalism. The individual, finding himself by losing himself, must ever strive after the "life more abundant." Live and strive, strive and live, energise every moment of time and every faculty of being—such is the Fascist summons! Glory lies in struggle, whether it be the struggle of the individual or the struggle of the group even in the form of war—war, which, in the Duce's own words, "is to man as maternity is to woman." Mussolini might well borrow some stirring words of Swinburne—

A creed is a rod,
And a crown is of night;
But this thing is God,

To be man with thy might, [as the light.
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life

Now, it would be a grave mistake to sneer at all this indefatigable strenuousness as mere hysteria. But it has this danger, that it exalts and makes a virtue of *any* energetic form of self-assertion. It opens the door to violence, passion, and histrionics. It perpetuates the principle, only too evident in history, that it is passion and not reason which governs the destinies of peoples. And it forgets that what may be, in an exceptional individual, a true and infectious vitality is too often, in a *mass* of less dynamic persons, mere emotion artificially manufactured and maintained. Dr. Finer has much to say of the elaborate processes by which Fascist enthusiasm is kept at blood-heat.

Whether or not Statolatry (as the Vatican has called it) can maintain itself at this pitch without the reaction which follows most emotions, there is no doubt about the vitality of Signor Mussolini himself. Dr. Finer presents a vivid portrait of him, and it is the portrait of a highly remarkable man, with talents of extraordinary variety and power. His ascendancy is complete. At his bidding, millions are prepared "to Believe, to Obey, to Fight": children from their earliest years are taught to say "Mussolini ha sempre ragione!" ("Mussolini is always right!"). He is demigod, and his triumph has been one of sheer personality. What follows him? It is a question which is deep in the hearts of many Italians, not least of Mussolini himself. He has always hoped to found a stable, self-perpetuating system, and to create a "governing class." In this observer's opinion, there is no established system (such as Lenin founded), because Fascism is animated by no sufficiently explicit Idea; and Mussolini's personal régime has not permitted enough initiative to encourage the growth of a "governing class."

In the last analysis, Dr. Finer brings all Fascism back to personal dictatorship, and the concluding words of his volume are: "The Fascist system depends on a genius, and with its pas-



FASCIST SYMBOLISM IN MODERN SCULPTURE SHOWN IN MODEL FORM AT THE NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES: A MONUMENT BY GUIDO DE VALL INCLUDING A HEAD OF MUSSOLINI AND (ROUND THE BASE)

FORCES THAT FASCISM HAS OVERTHROWN.

A remarkable model (5 ft. high) for a 44-ft. monumental fountain symbolising Fascism, by Guido Bossini de Vally, was recently placed on exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1. The exhibition was arranged to continue till July 27, and possibly longer. The sculptor, whose work is represented in many private collections, was born in Malta in 1904 and in 1928 acquired Canadian citizenship, but his outlook is essentially Italian. He studied his art in New York. This monument is entitled "Noi" ("Us") as a counterblast to the Communist "Vi". The dominant feature is a head of Mussolini, forming the head of the Fascist axe. Immediately to the left is a figure of Industry. The bundle of fasces (the central column) is bound with wheat, symbolising agriculture. At the base are forces overthrown by Fascism—from right to left) Crime, Sloth, and Anarchy, this last holding a torch which will be quenched by the waters of Fascism flowing from the fountain.



DETAIL OF SCULPTURE ON THE MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE: A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE FASCIST BLACKSHIRT, SYMBOLIC OF THE YOUTH OF THE NATION."



THE MOTHER AS FOUNDATION OF THE HOME AND THE STATE WITH HER BABE ("THE FUTURE OF FASCISM"): A SYMBOLIC FIGURE ON THE "NOI" MONUMENT WITH THE SCULPTOR BESIDE IT.

that the *fact* which results from these doctrines is sheer absolutism, with all the dangers and suppressions incident to that form of government.

Here let us pause to make one observation which seems pertinent not only to Fascism but to other current forms of social theory. There is much preaching nowadays of the doctrine that the human Unit is nothing—literally nothing—and the Aggregate is everything—literally every thing. Some theorists have gone so far as to maintain that the individual has no rights whatever, except (as a wholly meaningless formula has it) "the right to do his duty." We take no sides in any political controversy if we remark that all such theories ignore one elementary

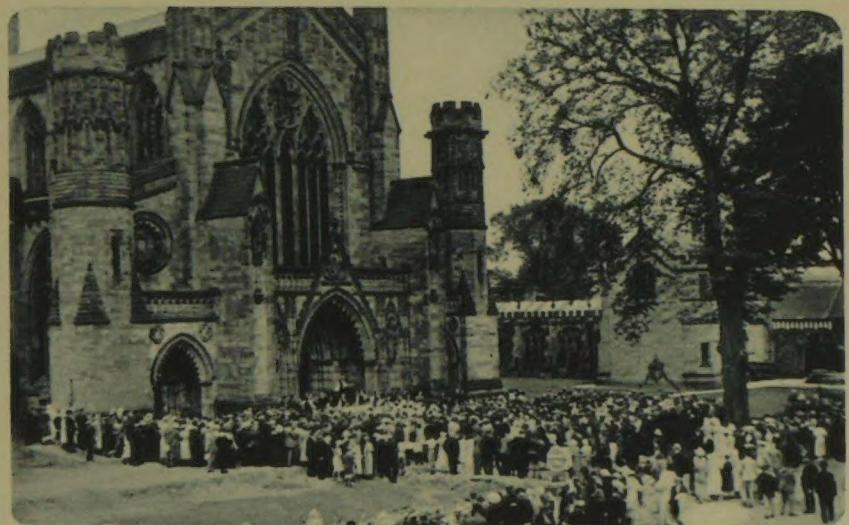
sage it must pass." Every probability seems to favour the prophecy, but recent European history has falsified so many probabilities that any generalisation in such a matter must be cautious.

So interesting is the philosophy of Fascism that it has left us no space for its more concrete aspects—its institutions, economics (in which Dr. Finer holds that it has achieved little or nothing), organisation and methods. All these matters have been patiently investigated by Dr. Finer, and we must refer the reader to his substantial and close-packed volume for a full discussion of their details.

C. K. A.



CREATING A NEW VIEW OF HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1080-1150: THE DEMOLITION OF HOUSES WHICH COMPLETELY BLOCKED IT FROM THE MAIN STREET. The correspondent who sends us these photographs of recent improvements in Hereford Cathedral close adds that it was by the generosity of Colonel Haywood that the four houses which completely blocked the view of the Cathedral from the main street have been demolished. The site will soon be grassed over. The right-hand photograph shows the Service of Thanksgiving held recently, when the Bishop of Hereford preached from the old wooden pulpit used during the Civil War. The pulpit had been brought outside the Cathedral for the purpose.



AFTER THE HOUSES HAD BEEN DEMOLISHED: A THANKSGIVING SERVICE OUTSIDE HEREFORD CATHEDRAL—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ALMOST THE SAME VIEWPOINT AS THAT ON THE LEFT.



A MASS MEETING OF CIVIL SERVANTS AND OTHERS IN PARIS AS A PROTEST AGAINST PAY CUTS: THE POLICE MAKING ARRESTS.

A mass meeting of Civil servants of all kinds, including municipal employees, railwaymen, postal and telegraph workers, and motor-omnibus and tram drivers, was called in the Place de l'Opéra on the evening of July 19. It was arranged as a protest against the decree laws of M. Laval's Government, which make cuts in the pay of *fonctionnaires*. In actual fact, large numbers of the crowd which gathered were not State workers at all, and a big Communist element was present. Serious rioting



EXTRAORDINARY PRECAUTIONS NEAR THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA: THE CROWD OF PARISIAN DEMONSTRATORS HELD IN CHECK BY RANKS OF MOUNTED MEN. was only averted by the extraordinary precautions taken by the police. Cordon shut off all the approaches to the Place de l'Opéra, and compact bodies of Gardes Mobiles and mounted guards were at hand to disperse the crowds. More than a thousand arrests were made, but most of those arrested were not detained beyond the next day. Eighteen foreigners who were among the arrested were expelled from the country forthwith.



THE INTER-ZONE FINAL OF THE DAVIS CUP: THE SHOWER WHICH NECESSITATED THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE MATCH BETWEEN ALLISON AND VON CRAMM.

The Inter-Zone final of the Davis Cup, between the U.S.A. and Germany, was begun on No. 1 Court at Wimbledon on July 20. In the first match D. Budge beat H. Henkel by three sets to one to give America the lead; but then the rain came down, and when it stopped at 6.30 it was too late to start the second match for fear that it might have to be interrupted, unfinished,



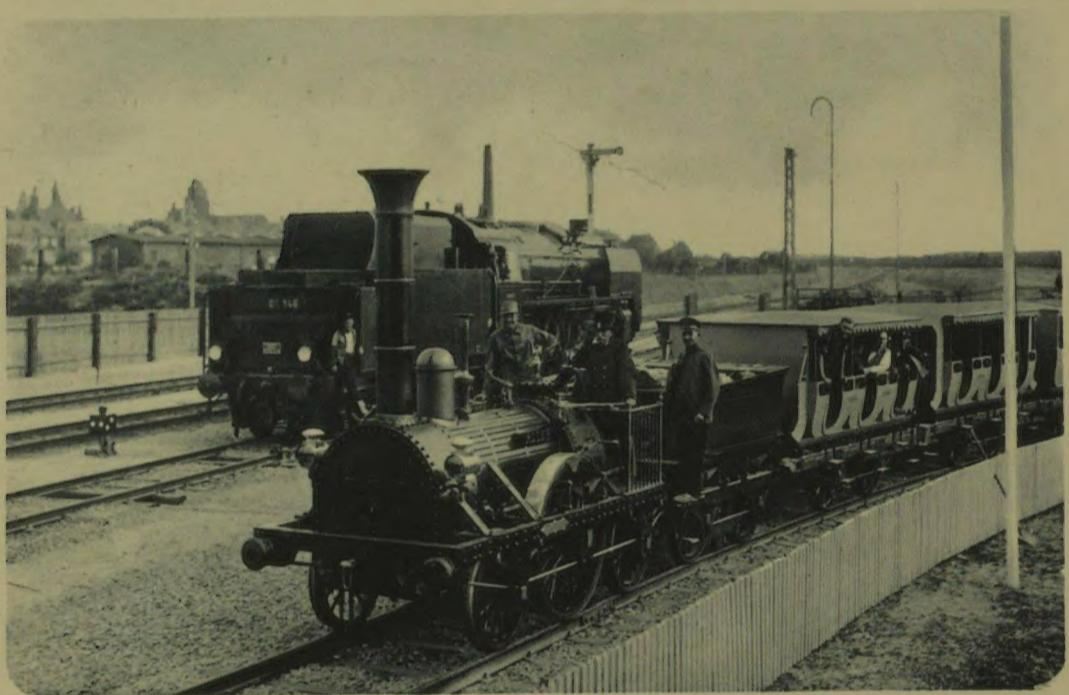
THE CROWD SHOW THEIR ANNOYANCE AT THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE ALLISON-VON CRAMM MATCH BY THROWING THEIR CUSHIONS ON TO THE COURT.

in the falling dusk. The crowd noisily showed their annoyance with the decision to postpone the match between Allison and von Cramm until the Monday, and, when their protests proved to be vain, threw their cushions on to the court. In one photograph the court is seen covered with these missiles, which were too soft to do damage. Von Cramm beat Allison on July 22.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



DEMONSTRATING THE PROPERTIES OF "SOLENE," THE NEW SOLID, NON INFLAMMABLE, FORM OF PETROL, AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY: EXAMINING A CAN OF THE FUEL AFTER INCENDIARY BULLETS HAD BEEN FIRED INTO IT WITHOUT IT EXPLODING. A "safety petrol," solid and almost non-inflammable, was recently tested at New York University. Dr. Adolph Prussin, the inventor, took sixteen years to perfect the fuel. It has the appearance of red cheese, and has been named "Solené." At the demonstration incendiary bullets were fired into a can containing "solid" petrol, but no explosion took place. When heated in a metal dish the "Solené" failed to catch fire, although it burned gently when a flame was applied to it. A small motor was shown running on it. It is enclosed in a jacket heated by the exhaust from the engine, the heat being sufficient to create a vapour.



THE GERMAN RAILWAY CENTENARY COMMEMORATED IN NUERMBERG: A MODEL OF THE FIRST GERMAN TRAIN, DRAWN BY ITS ENGLISH-MADE ENGINE, TAKING VISITORS ROUND.

The hundredth anniversary of the opening of the first German railway line (from Nuremberg to Fürth) was celebrated at Nuremberg recently. The Reich Minister of Communications opened an exhibition which included specimens of the latest types of German trains and locomotives. A reproduction of the first German train takes visitors round the exhibition. The engine, named "Adler," was made by Stevenson, at Newcastle.



DEMONSTRATING A NEW WAY OF GROWING FODDER WITH RAPIDITY AT THE ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE: SIR FREDERICK HOBDAY, EXPLAINING HOW SATISFACTORY CROPS MAY BE RAISED, INDOORS, IN TEN DAYS.

The following description has been sent to us of the method of growing fodder for animals seen here. Seed is placed in trays (flooded by warm water) in large metal cabinets. In ten days the seed (wheat, maize, barley, etc.) has germinated and grown to a height of one foot. This method may be used in any building, and produces in ten days fodder which, normally, would take about four months to grow by ordinary outdoor methods." Sir Frederick Hobday, the Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, and Dr. C. A. Puddy are seen explaining the method of cultivation.

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: CURIOSITIES AND NEW SCIENTIFIC MARVELS.



AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF CANOEISM: NOVA SCOTIAN GUIDES PROPELLING THEIR CRAFT WITHOUT PADDLES, IN PREPARATION FOR A GUIDES TOURNAMENT. A correspondent notes of the above photograph: "These two Nova Scotian Guides are in training for the International Guides Tournament to be held at Lake Williams, Nova Scotia, on August 16 and 17. They are propelling their canoes through the water without paddles."



AN UNUSUAL EXHIBIT AT THE SAN DIEGO FAIR: A GIGANTIC HAND DEMONSTRATING FINGER-PRINT IDENTIFICATION.

The photographer gives the following description of the gigantic model hand seen here: "One of the exhibits at the California Pacific International Exposition, displayed by employees of the Federal Department of Investigation, illustrated the whorls and ridges which form the basis of finger-print identification. Hundreds of finger-prints were taken by men in the Department at the Fair, who were not looking for criminals, but demonstrating their efficient system."



A NOVEL PHOTOGRAPH OF A LUNAR ECLIPSE: THE MOON, PARTIALLY OBSCURED BY THE EARTH'S SHADOW, VIEWED ABOVE A NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER.

A total eclipse of the moon was seen at New York on July 15. The eclipse began at 10.15 and reached totality at 12.09. In the last quarter of an hour before totality the moon was seen clearly as a globe, instead of appearing like a disc.

A WIRELESS-CONTROLLED "QUEEN BEE" BROUGHT DOWN BEFORE THE KING.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD H.M.S. "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."



TARGET PRACTICE AT A WIRELESS-CONTROLLED AEROPLANE IN THE NAVAL EXERCISES TO WHICH THE KING LED HIS FLEET AFTER THE JUBILEE REVIEW AT SPITHEAD: H.M.S. "RODNEY" FIRING AT A "QUEEN BEE" WITH HER 4·7-IN. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS.



THE "QUEEN BEE" CRASHES IN THE SEA AND AN ATTENDANT DESTROYER, SPECIALLY EQUIPPED FOR THE WORK, RUSHES TO THE RESCUE.

The most interesting feature of the Naval Exercises in the Channel on July 17, the day after the Jubilee Naval Review at Spithead, was the firing at a wireless-controlled target aeroplane by the 4·7-in. anti-aircraft guns of the battleship "Rodney." There were to have been other ships taking part in this anti-aircraft practice, but unfortunately one of the two "Queen Bees" came to grief soon after being catapulted into the air. The other 'plane behaved perfectly, and, rising high into the sky, turned and twisted in and out of the clouds as the guns of the "Rodney," in vivid



THE SALVAGE OF THE DAMAGED TARGET 'PLANE: THE "QUEEN BEE" HOISTED BY A SPECIAL CRANE AND SECURED TO THE DESTROYER.

splashes of orange-coloured flame, fired at her. As the aircraft came out into a lighter patch of cloud, balls of black smoke were seen bursting around it, until one registered a direct hit. The 'plane, however, continued on its course for some time before dropping into the sea. For the salvage of these pilotless target 'planes obsolete destroyers of the "S" Class, stripped of guns and torpedo tubes, are used. They are provided with a special crane on the forecastle and special salvage tackle. We show one of these destroyers rushing to the rescue and salvaging the machine.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SOME REMARKABLE SEA-URCHINS, AND CONTRASTS IN SPINES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I WOULD fain, just now, be basking in the sunlight by the sea. And for choice, the great Australian Barrier Reef, which fringes the eastern shores of Queensland, from Torres Straits southwards, for 1200 miles; or the Island of Taliisse, off the northern horn of Celebes, which my old friend the late Professor Hickson explored years ago in his search for the treasures of the sea. On one of his visits to me, at the British Museum of Natural History, he said he could hardly describe the delight which thrilled him at his first sight of a coral-reef, and the gorgeous display of colour made by the various species of corals, anemones, alcyonarians, star-fishes, and so on; creatures which, in a museum, show no more than their mere shapes, beautiful though these often are. I would give a great deal to see these glories with mine own eyes before I die. And I should go still further north of Celebes, to the Philippines, to see for myself some of the most wonderful of living sea-urchins.

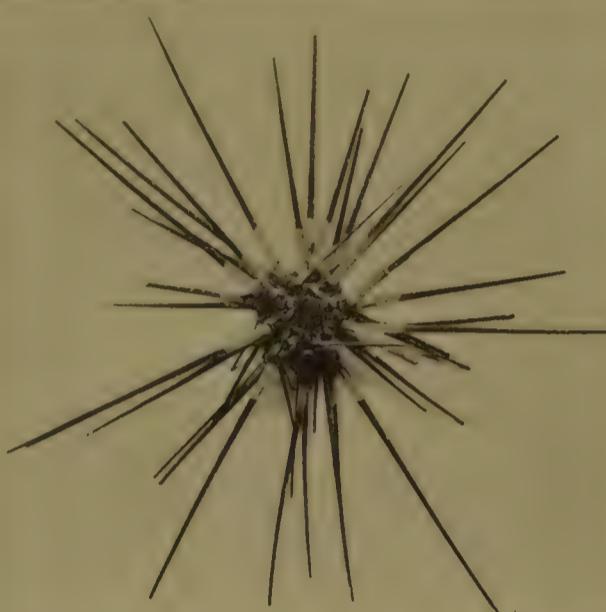
Just now I am particularly interested in sea-urchins; which, with the star-fish, the holothurians or "sea-cucumbers," brittle-stars, and "sea-lilies" make up that most fascinating group of animals known as the "Echinoderms." No matter which of these types we take, we shall find that they present, each in its own way, a most astonishing and bewildering array of forms, which have come into being as they changed their mode of life in pursuit of the food of their choice. The nature of these changes is well illustrated by the sea-urchins; and those who will may find some striking examples, in this matter of change of form, in our own rock-pools and beaches, during the summer holiday by the sea. One of the commonest species is the small, purple-tipped sea-urchin (*Echinus miliaria*), which may have a diameter of as much as two inches. It may be found, often in large numbers, in what is known as the "Laminariae zone," the seaweed with the long, broad, leathery leaves, which grows anchored to the rocks and is exposed in vast masses at low tide. And here also may be found a larger species, the edible sea-urchin (*E. esculentus*). There are yet other species to be seen here, but either of these will suffice as an example of the tribe.

five double bands. Thus it evades its enemies. But special attention should be given to the mode of locomotion of these urchins. On a level surface this is largely effected by the spines. If, however, it desires to ascend the perpendicular side of a rock, it climbs by means of these tube feet, which end in suckers, the spines helping to keep the body in position. To see the action of the tube feet, and the

Most authorities will tell you that they are due to differences in their haunts. And, indeed, at first sight this seems a very plausible explanation. We can see something of the nature of these haunts in the case of the common sea-urchin. But there are other species around our coasts which are seldom seen, for they live buried in sand, and these have a flattened shell, and the spines are reduced to the appearance of fine hairs. What more natural than to conclude that this almost spineless condition, the flattened shell, and the totally different position and structure of the mouth have come about because of this burrowing habit? But, be it noted, there are other similar species, agreeing in all essentials with these burrowers, which do not burrow, though they have a habit of partially burying themselves.

And now let us look at some species wherein the spines present us with entirely new characters; such, for example, as *Acanthocidaris curvispinatus*, from Mauritius (Fig. 1). Herein the spines are comparatively few in number, but excessively long and very slender. Turn next to *Heterocentrotus mammillatus* of the Philippines (Fig. 2). Here the spines are also relatively few, clustered round the sides of the body, and enormously thick and ringed with white. Note that in the centre and between the spines there are clustered masses which look like the stumps of spines worn smooth. What we may call the "logical" sequence of these "stumps of spines worn smooth" are seen in different species of the genus *Podophora* (Fig. 3). Herein the spines encircling the body, like a girdle, take the form of flattened, tooth-like plates, while the rest of the surface is covered in a mosaic of irregularly shaped, but smooth, flattened plates, like a pavement. These are all modified spines! *Podophora* is represented, by different species, in both the Indian and Pacific Oceans: and *Heterocentrotus* is by no means confined to the Philippines. Hence their "haunts" are hardly likely to be as uniform as are their structural characters.

As to the nature of these haunts we know very little, for collectors rarely take notes either of the haunts or the habits of the strange creatures they bring back from voyages of discovery. But we are told that *Podophora* lives amid pounding surf, around coral-reefs, and that *Acanthocidaris* lives also on the fringes of such reefs, but in the deep gullies found



1. A FANTASTIC-LOOKING DWELLER ON THE CORAL REEFS ROUND MAURITIUS: THE LONG-SPINED SEA-URCHIN, THE BASES OF WHOSE SPINES ARE CONSPICUOUSLY PALE THAN THE REST OF THE SHAFT.

movements of the spines, a living specimen should be dropped into a large pie-dish filled with sea-water. And with a lens and a little patience, there will, furthermore, be seen several kinds of little pincers, or forceps, moving about among the spines, forming a sort of undergrowth. I would fain describe these at length, for they are most extraordinary structures

and of four different kinds. Suffice it to say now that some are highly poisonous, and form a very efficient protection against the attacks of star-fish. The virulence of the poison may be judged from the fact that, in an experiment, the bite from one of these stalked jaws sufficed to stop the beating of a frog's heart! On the under-side of the shell, and in the very centre, the mouth will be found, showing the points of five very remarkable teeth, moved by a complex mechanism.

These tube feet, the pedicillariae, and jaws are not "mere anatomical details." They are something much more than this. They present features, indeed, of a quite remarkable character, which some day I hope to describe. At the moment it is the spines of sea-urchins which have been claiming my attention. These, in the case of the common sea-urchin and of scores of other species, are in appearance very like those of a hedgehog, and therefore not conspicuous for their length. Each is mounted on a raised tubercle, and can be moved in a circular direction by muscles at the base of the spine. They serve not merely for the protection of the body, but also as organs of locomotion.

It is not until we come to survey practically all the species known to science that we are able fully to realise how wide is the range they show in the matter of their length and thickness. These variations on the same theme are in themselves immensely interesting, but they become still more so directly we begin to ask, "What are the agencies which have brought these striking differences into being?"



2. A SEA-URCHIN WITH A VERY DIFFERENT TYPE OF ARMATURE SHOWING TWO STRONGLY CONTRASTED FORMS OF SPINES: *HETEROCENTROTUS MAMMILLATUS* OF THE PHILIPPINES; ITS THICK SPINES IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THOSE OF THE LONG-SPINED SEA-URCHIN SEEN IN FIG. 1.

Whichever of these two is first discovered, it should be carefully watched if it is still submerged. The smaller species, by the way, has a habit of covering itself with pieces of seaweed, held fast by extensible tube feet, thrust out through holes in the shell in



3. A SEA-URCHIN WHOSE SPINES HAVE BECOME CONVERTED INTO FLATTENED PLATES, FITTING TOGETHER TO FORM A MOSAIC: *PODOPHORA PEDIFERA*, WHICH INHABITS THE ROUGH WATERS OF THE CHILEAN COASTS.

there, where the water is undisturbed. This information, however, is too meagre to afford any real insight into the habits of these wonderful creatures, and more specially as to their food and manner of obtaining it.

THE "ALMOST HUMAN" GORILLA:
524-LB. BOBBY, OF THE BERLIN "ZOO."



THE PENSIVE CAPTIVE: BOBBY, THE BERLIN "ZOO'S" BIG GORILLA—SAID TO BE THE LARGEST LIVING IN ANY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—APPARENTLY MEDITATING ANGRILY ON A PRISONER'S LOT!



THE DISTRAIT MONSTER: BOBBY, OF THE BERLIN "ZOO," TOYS WITH A STRIP OF PAPER AND GAZES INTO SPACE.



A REVIVAL OF INTEREST: BOBBY DROPS HIS WHITE GEWGAW AND FIXES HIS ATTENTION ON SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE BARS; REVEALING HIS ENORMOUS LIMBS, GREAT BREADTH OF CHEST, AND ODDLY SHAPED HEAD.

The following facts descriptive of Bobby, the gorilla, in the Berlin "Zoo," have been communicated to us by the photographer who obtained the pictures. "Bobby is said to be the biggest and heaviest gorilla living in any Zoological Gardens in the world at the moment. He was captured some three years ago in Africa and presented to the Berlin 'Zoo' shortly afterwards. At that time he weighed 30 lb. To-day, at the age of ten, he weighs five hundred and twenty-four pounds. Considerable difficulty was experienced in taking these pictures, since Bobby is very suspicious and extremely quick of hearing. As soon as anyone approaches his cage, he feels himself attacked. His keeper, the sixty-year-old Herr Liebetreu,



"CONFFOUND YOU AND YOUR PICTURES!"—BOBBY, ON THE WATCH AT THE BARS, OBSERVES THE PHOTOGRAPHER WITH AN EXPRESSION OF MALICIOUS CRAFTINESS—HIS EYES SHINING UNDER HIS THICK BROW-RIDGES.

was formerly the only person who could enter Bobby's cage: that was before Bobby became really dangerous. To-day the gorilla would probably attack him at once. But Bobby is not really a "bad character"—merely extraordinarily distrustful. This was shown some time ago when Herr Liebetreu was absent and another keeper was looking after him. While at work in the cage, this keeper had the misfortune to fall down just beside the gorilla, who thought this was a kind of attack. At once he threw himself on the wretched man with all his weight and bit him. But, when he heard the keeper scream, he seemed to understand that he had made a mistake and instantly left off attacking him."



ONE OF THE FOSSIL FISH DISCOVERED IN A BRICK-PIT NEAR SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, WITH THE DETAILS OF ITS SCALES AND FINS PRESERVED THROUGH SOME 200,000,000 YEARS: *MACROETHES*, WHOSE AFFINITIES HAVE NOW BEEN ESTABLISHED AS THE RESULT OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

The extraordinarily interesting photographs reproduced on these two pages comment on the researches of the Rev. R. T. Wade among the fossil beds at Brookvale, near Sydney, New South Wales. Mr. Wade has given us the following description of some outstanding points of interest with regard to these discoveries.

THE photographs show fossil fish and the head of an amphibia from a brick-pit at Brookvale. Photographs of fossil insects and fish from the same brick-pit were published in *The Illustrated London News* of May 24, 1930.

This pit is now about 500 ft. above sea-level. It is on the edge of a steep ridge that is the eastern boundary of a plateau north of Sydney. To the

A FISH OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST AMONG THE BROOKVALE TRIASSIC FOSSILS: *PINNIFECOSOMUS*, ONE OF A FAMILY DERIVED FROM THE PALEONISCIIDAE, WHICH, THOUGH HERE FOUND IN QUITE AN INFERIOR POSITION, ACTUALLY EVOLVED A VARIATION THAT PERMITTED OF THE SUBSEQUENT SURVIVAL OF ITS STOCK.



MACROETHES BROOKVALEI: A FOSSIL WHICH COMBINES IN ITSELF CHARACTERS FOUND SEPARATELY IN OTHER FISHES, NECESSITATING THE CONSTITUTION OF A NEW FAMILY.

south of Sydney there is a similar plateau. And some distance to the west of Sydney the Blue Plateau begins with an abrupt fold of about 700 ft. and slopes upward gently to the west, till it reaches a height of 2,000 ft. The plateau is composed of these plateaux as the result of movements which began comparatively recently—say 500,000 years ago. In imagination he can see, stretching from the Pacific Ocean, then about twenty miles further east, a wide, swampy, low-lying plain, which only lately had been uplifted and carved into hills and valleys, canyons and mountains. The quarry itself, considered as the bed of a lakelet, or lagoon, formed with little hollows, and with a small stream trickling into it further into the past, to some 200,000,000 years ago. The pages of the earth's history of this area in the intervening period are not there to read, but the evidence seems to show that at that particular time there was a shallow fresh-water lake, with a network of streams pouring in sands and silt from far-distant hills. In deep channels of pools, about 10 ft. The vegetation consisted of sedges, lomatia, bracken, and suchlike. Insects of all sizes, up to over a foot in wing-spread, hovered round and sucked the sap of these plants. It was rather a desolate scene, and in great contrast to present-day conditions, where one and a half millions of people conduct industries of many kinds.

The fossils were found—very many by the quarrymen—in a thick, lens-shaped bed of mudstones or

shales, within the Hawkesbury Sandstones, and about 500 ft. above their base. That fact is of note, because Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, the celebrated English paleontologist, described, in 1905, a few years ago, fossil fishes found at Gosford, at a level of about 500 ft. below the beds containing this present collection. Then, twenty years ago, the same eminent scientist described some fossil fish found in rocks at a level of about 500 ft. above these new fossils.

That is to say, the scientist has now three sets of Lower Triassic fishes from the same area, collected from three horizons, each separated from the other by some 500 ft. of sediment. With the exception of one genus, all the Brookvale fishes were without a bony "back-bone." The bony fishes of modern days did not come into existence till a later era.

The amphibian head is a unique specimen of considerable importance in the group to which it belongs. The description is in the hands of Professor Watson, of London University. The name *amphibia* signifies animals adapted to life both on land and in the water—e.g., the frog. The frog, of course, is much more highly organised than the early lung-breathers, which were newt-like in form. These are called Stegocephalia, because the whole of the head and cheek was covered with bony plates. To date,

FISH AND AN AMPHIBIAN YEARS

AMAZING FOSSILS FROM NEW SOUTH WALES SCIENCE, AND A TRIASSIC LINK

Their scales, too, were unlike the thin bony scales of modern fishes. They were thick and three-layered, with an outer layer of "enamel." They were often beautifully ornamented with patterns of ridges and grains of enamel. Since, therefore, modern fishes have thin scales and bony skeletons, and Lower Triassic fishes had thick scales and no bone in the skeleton, it would seem that, simultaneously with the development of a bony skeleton, the scales became thin.

OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION AGO.

INCLUDING FISH HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND AUSTRIA.

on one another, fractured sometimes, and removed. The student must make what he can of the lines left by the edges of the bones. In that respect more can be done than at first seems possible. Different specimens are likely to reveal different parts preserved. Given enough specimens, time very much necessary for the reconstruction of the animal can be made out. The camera, the microscope, large-scale drawings, and enlarged photographs all help.

Twenty-eight species of fossil fishes are represented in this collection; twenty-three of them new to science. Their detailed description is a highly technical matter, of no interest to the general reader, but the value of the information gained may be briefly indicated. Firstly, it is now clear that the five predominant families of the period were all derived from the single contemporaneously persistent genus *Palaeoniscida*, which appears first in Devonian rocks; and that these five families have no descendants amongst the predominant race of modern fishes.

Details of structure in which some Triassic and some later genera show a marked similarity are seen

Palaeoniscid organisation necessary for the future survival of the stock, viz., certain changes in the jaws. Professor D. M. S. Watson drew attention to this in 1925, and agreed with Mr. Late Kegan that the changes had to do with altered feeding habits.

In the case of a very few of these early fishes, it is actually possible to describe the neurocranium (brain-box). Several specimens of *Macroethes brookvalei* preserve it in twenty. The course of preservation in this instance must have been somewhat as follows. The neurocranium of this fish was quite unusually bony. The fish died and settled on the bottom of the pool. When the fleshy part



A TRIASSIC "LITTLE 'UN'" PRESERVED IN MINUTE DETAIL IN THE BROOKVALE BRICK-PIT: A FOSSIL OF *BELICHTHYS MINIMUS*, WHICH ONLY ATTAINED A LENGTH OF RATHER OVER 4 CENTIMETRES. (HERE SHOWN ENLARGED.)

bony material was removed or altered, the fleshy tissue changed to brown or black bituminous matter; the mud casts remained unaltered.

A discovery of very great interest is the presence of these New South Wales fishes of *Thecodontia*. This was a flying fish. The only previously known specimens were found in the Upper Triassic rocks of Rhaet, Germany, in 1838 and 1866, highly specialised forms.

A FOSSIL OF *BELICHTHYS MAGNIDORSALIS*: A SPECIMEN OF A NEW PALEONISCIID GENUS DISCOVERED IN THE BROOKVALE BRICK-PIT.

of the head had decayed, slight movement of the water separated the bone neurocranium from the rest of the head. The holes through which nerves and blood vessels traverse the bones, and the hollows which, in life, contained the brain and ear etc., were filled with fine mud. Later, the

It is curious that a fish should be found in two places as widely separated as Austria and Australia. Wegener was of the opinion that, up to the end of Palaeozoic times, all the continents formed a single land-mass; that great cracks divided the land mass, and that these, since the earth is rotating, have swung away from one another into their present positions. Many people, however, do not accept the importance of the theory. If, however, it were true it would mean that Australia was, in Triassic times, either joined to or very close to India and to South Africa, and a close resemblance between certain fresh-water fishes of Germany, South Africa, and Australia would be more understandable.



A UNIQUE SPECIMEN OF AN AMPHIBIAN FROM THE TRIASSIC: THE FOSSILS IN BROOKVALE BRICK-PIT: THE HEAD OF A *CAPITOSAURUS* (ONE OF THE LABYRINTHODONTS); SHOWING CLEAR IMPRESSIONS OF EYES, TEETH, AND NOSTRILS.

to be due, not to inheritance from Triassic stocks, but to independent development along parallel lines. For example, take the fish *Manelia crassa* (illustrated here). Its fine and ridge scales would give it the advanced rank of a higher ganoid, but its head shows it to be definitely lower ganoid.

The general impression that is gathered is that these offspring of the Paleoniscidae probably acquired a new mode of swimming, became adapted to life in the surface waters, or round reefs, or near the bottom or elsewhere, developed tall or fin or skeletal structure which later fishes also developed in response to similar



ANAL FIN



THE WING OF A TRIASSIC FLYING FISH FOSSILISED AND PRESERVED FOR TWO HUNDRED MILLION YEARS: A RELIC OF *THORACOPTERUS* FROM AUSTRALIA—A FISH ONLY KNOWN PREVIOUSLY IN CERTAIN AUSTRALIAN ROCKS.



A FOSSIL *BROOKVALE GRACILIS* FROM THE BROOKVALE PIT: A NEW CATOPTERID GENUS, WHICH WAS REVEALED IN GREAT DETAIL BY NUMEROUS SPECIMENS AT THIS SITE, AFFORDING A SERIES EXHIBITING THE FISH AT DIFFERENT STAGES OF GROWTH TO COMPLETE MATURITY. (HERE SHOWN ENLARGED.)

Abies: A FOSSIL OF *MANELIA CRASSA* FOUND AT BROOKVALE: A NEW GENUS OF THE RECENTLY DESCRIBED GROUP OF THE PERLESIIDAE, WHICH APPARENTLY ATTAINED A LENGTH OF SOME SIX CENTIMETRES; WITH FINS AND SCALES THAT WOULD PLACE IT IN THE ADVANCED RANK OF A HIGHER GANOID, THOUGH ITS HEAD SHOWS IT TO BE DEFINITELY LOWER GANOID. (SEEN HERE ENLARGED.)

GERMANY'S TANK CORPS REVEALED: "FORBIDDEN" UNITS OF

THE WEHRMACHT PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.



ONE OF THE REAL TANKS GERMANY HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR THE MOTOR-CAR, PASTEBORD AND SHEET IRON DUMMIES SHE USED AT MANOEUVRES BETWEEN 1932 AND THE PRESENT TIME: TAKING AN INCLINE.



THE NEW GERMAN TANK CORPS IN TRAINING NEAR BERLIN: A GLIMPSE OF TURRETS OF UNITS OF THE NEW MECHANIZED FORCE OF THE HEER, THE ARMY SECTION OF THE WEHRMACHT (DEFENCE FORCE).



"BUILT SPECIALLY FOR GREAT SPEED, ATTAINING 60 KILOMETRES AN HOUR WHEN CLIMBING A HILL": GERMAN TANKS TAKING AN INCLINE.



BASED ON THAT OF THE BRITISH ROYAL TANK CORPS, BUT BLACK: THE UNIFORM OF THE GERMAN TANK CORPS, WHICH, IT IS UNDERSTOOD, WILL PARADE IN NUERMBERG IN SEPTEMBER.



"LESS ATTENTION IS PAID TO THE ARMS, EACH TANK CARRYING ONLY TWO MACHINE-GUNS": A TANK OF THE NEW GERMAN TANK CORPS ADVANCING DURING TACTICAL EXERCISES AT DOBERITZ.

At the beginning of 1932 we published a number of photographs showing dummy Tanks used by the German Army during manoeuvres—ordinary "baby" manœuvres fitted with special tins and turned into the semblance of small Tanks by means of caterpillar tracks, armoured sides, gun-turrets, and so forth made of pastebord and sheet iron. Later in the same year, when illustrating the Reichswehr's mimic "Battle for Berlin" under the eye of President von Hindenburg, we again showed units of the "mechanized" army. It will be recalled that the Treaty of Versailles

not only limited German armaments in general, but forbade heavy artillery, Tanks and military aircraft. Now matters are vastly different. And, among other things, Germany not only has real Tanks, but before long is likely to parade them. Already they have been photographed at Döberitz, the old military training camp near Berlin, with the results here shown; and it is understood that they will play a prominent part during the military display at the annual Nazi Congress in Nuremberg next September. Should they do so, it will be seen that Germany's infantry, having been



THE GERMAN ARMY'S REAL TANKS (FORBIDDEN BY THE VERSAILLES TREATY): NOT THE "BABY" MOTOR-CARS TRICKED OUT WITH PASTEBORD AND SHEET IRON "ARMOUR," "GUN-TURRETS," "CATERPILLAR TRACKS," AND SO FORTH OF RECENT YEARS: UNITS OF THE HEER'S TANK CORPS ADVANCING OVER ROUGH GROUND.



REVEALED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: TANKS OF THE NEW GERMAN TANK CORPS AT DOBERITZ, NEAR BERLIN, UNITS OF WHICH ARE LIKELY TO PLAY A PROMINENT PART DURING THE NEXT MILITARY DISPLAY AT THE NAZI CONGRESS IN NUERMBERG.

well trained with mimic Tanks, is relying on mechanization to a very large extent. Concerning the units here illustrated, we are informed: "The Tanks are mostly of the 'tugboat' type and are built specially for great speed, attaining 60 Kilometres (37.282 miles) an hour when climbing a hill. Less attention is paid to the arms; each Tank carrying only two machine-guns. The uniform is based on that of the British Royal Tank Corps, but is black. Incidentally, it is interesting to remember that it was announced in May, on the occasion of the promulgation of the new

Military Law, that the term "Reichswehr" had ceased to exist. "The Times" explained: "It belonged to the post-War period of the long-service professional army imposed upon Germany by the Peace Treaty. The armed forces are henceforth known collectively as the Wehrmacht (Defence Forces) and consist of the Army (Heer), Navy (Kriegsmarine), and the Air Arm (Luftwaffe). Herr Hitler, as Führer and Chancellor, is supreme Commander-in-Chief of the entire Wehrmacht. Under him the War Minister has commanding authority over the three Arms."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS a person more or less "connected with the Press," through books and papers, since the 'nineties of last century, and having kept (uncelebrated) my silver jubilee as a working "sub" two years ago, I have been much intrigued by certain works bearing on the Fourth Estate; in particular by "A NEWSPAPER HISTORY," 1785-1935. Reprinted from the 150th Anniversary Number of *The Times*, Jan. 1, 1935. With 57 Illustrations (The Times Publishing Company; 7s. 6d.). Personally, I have an affection for *The Times*, which has touched my own life at several turning-points. Through its advertisements I got my first job (a City clerkship), and, indirectly, another that has lasted me nearly three decades. Throughout that period I have diligently read my *Times*, and even kept an index (now filling twenty annual note-books) to such items in its contents as I required for reference. More

personal following nor attached himself to a group. Brougham was a politician, who became virtual leader of the Whig Party; an orator, who was 'the one sole rival' of Canning; a lawyer, who rose to be Lord Chancellor; a pioneer of popular education, who helped to found London University; a reformer and controversialist, who did more than anyone to free his countrymen's minds from the lumber of eighteenth-century ideas and inhibitions. In all these capacities Brougham was a man *sui generis*, never fitting comfortably into any party or category, and as original in his methods as in his views. Historians, failing to find a suitable label, have tended to ignore him."

Of Brougham the man, as distinct from the politician, this biography gives an attractive impression. He loved children, and Greville has recorded his "gaiety, temper, and admirable social qualities," as well as his generosity and charity. "Although violent in controversy," says his new biographer, "he was not a good hater, and he gradually returned to his old friendships with Grey, Durham, and even with Melbourne. . . . Another guest, whose coming marked the passing of an old feud, was John Delane of *The Times*." Now that London's new Temple of Learning has begun to arise in Bloomsbury, we should remember the man who helped to establish its prime factor—University College. . . . The College was known as 'Brougham's Patent Omnibus'—from its motto *Patens Omnibus Scientia*—or else as 'Stinko-malee.' . . . To-day, London University stands as the finest monument to Brougham's energy and contempt for ridicule or abuse."

Printing House Square provides the opening scene for a journalistic autobiography to which I give full marks among its kind—"MY SEVEN SELVES." By Hamilton Fyfe. With 8 Illustrations (Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Fyfe's title does not mean that he possesses a septuple personality—say Jekyll and Hyde blended with five printer's devils!—but that he has divided his working life into seven sections. They do not run concurrently, but follow each other in succession; nor do they correspond to Shakespeare's seven ages of man. Mr. Fyfe's classification is biological. "In every seven years," he writes, "our bodies renew themselves. We have to-day no tissue, no flesh or blood, no hair, that we had seven years ago. So, it seems to me, do our selves change as well as their envelopes. Mind, character, even temperament, evolve, develop, decay." Yet memory, at least, if nothing else of our original mentality, persists; we can remember at forty-nine, for instance—possibly at seventy-seven—things that happened to us at fourteen, or even seven. Is not this fact enough to prove an independent existence of the conscious self, if it be true that the body meanwhile has completely altered? Mr. Fyfe's seven selves (from the age of fourteen to sixty-three) are named respectively The Foolish Young Fellow, The Fortunate Young Man, The Adventurer, The Looker-on, The Reformer, The Dupe, and "Poor and Content." Each is accompanied by a portrait of the author at the period. I rather think Lord Ponsonby overlooked this book in his recent broadcast talk on the uses of the number seven.

On the biographical side the book abounds with interest, not only regarding the owners and editors of *The Times*—the Walter family, Thomas Barnes (the original "Jupiter tonans," who gloried in anonymity and only now stands revealed as the power he was), Delane and his successors in the editorial chair, Lord Northcliffe, and the present régime; but also through incidental comments on famous personages and bygone phases of social history. Thus, for example, we learn that Erasmus was probably at one time a proof-corrector. Again, in a chapter on reviewing, it is recalled that Matthew Arnold got "his first public recognition" through a review of "Poems by 'A.'" in *The Times* of Nov. 4, 1853, and that in 1859 due honour was done to Darwin's "Origin of Species," and Meredith's first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." *The Thunderer* can also claim to have published "the longest review ever written"—a terrific slating of Lord Brougham's translation of "Demosthenes on the Crown." The story of Brougham's friendship and subsequent quarrel with Thomas Barnes, and of his controversy with *The Times*, forms an important episode, illustrated with contemporary cartoons.

This brings me to a book in which the other party to that ancient dispute is ably portrayed—"LORD BROUHAM." By G. T. Garratt, joint author (with Edward Thompson) of "The Rise and Fulfilment of British Rule in India." With 16 Illustrations (Macmillan; 15s.). Brougham once cut a great figure on the political stage, but to-day he is underrated. Discussing the reasons, the biographer says: "He was incurably versatile, and he neither organised a

adequate fulfil their purpose, and will stimulate further study. From a very different institution emanates a charmingly pictured little work—"SOME BIRDS OF THE LONDON ZOO." By F. Martin Duncan, Librarian, Zoological Society of London, author of "Close-Ups from Nature." With twenty-six Coloured Plates from Water-colours by the author (John Bale, Sons and Danielsson; 6s.).—C. E. B.

of mental background, more than any University course could have been." Mr. Fyfe eventually left *The Times* to become editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. Later he entered the service of Lord Northcliffe, and after "salvaging" (his own word) the *Daily Mirror*, became a power in the new journalism on the staff of the *Daily Mail*, travelling far and wide both as war correspondent and otherwise. His memories of "the Chief," covering fifteen years, are intimate and poignant. Subsequently Mr. Fyfe edited the *Daily Herald* for a time, and then, becoming Literary Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, was involved in its downfall. After that disaster, which befell his seventh self, he decided to be a free-lance. His remarks on his efforts (for the *Chronicle*) to cope with the flood of new books will, as they say nowadays, get any mass reviewer "where he lives."

As the above-mentioned works are all largely concerned with London life, and just now we have within our gates many visitors, from America and elsewhere, keenly interested in our city and its historical associations, I conclude by enumerating (there is no room to do more) sundry books which contain a vast amount of varied information and entertaining description. For the serious historical student, there is much to be learned about seventeenth-century judicial methods, punishments, and social life in the County of Middlesex "CALENDAR TO THE SESSIONS RECORDS." New Series: Vol. I., 1612-1614. Edited by William Le Hardy, M.C., F.S.A. (published by Sir Ernest Hart, Clerk of the Peace, Guildhall, Westminster). Most of the entries deal with places now included in the County of London. For those who prefer annals of the past written up in modern style, rather than original records, a work of local value is "A HISTORY OF GROSVENOR SQUARE." By Arthur Irwin Dasent. Illustrated (Macmillan; 15s.). The fact that a single square requires a whole volume is an index to London's inexhaustible interest.

There is quite a "W. W. Jacobs" atmosphere and humour about "THE ROMANCE OF LONDON'S RIVER." By James A. Jones, author of "Wonderful London To-day." With over 100 Illustrations by Frank H. Mason, R.I. (Hutchinson; 21s.). Our readers, familiar with the illustrator's work, will not be surprised to learn that the book is delightful on its pictorial side. Another incomparable presentation of modern London's outward aspect—this time through the camera—is "THE IMAGE OF LONDON." A Hundred Photographs. By E. O. Hoppé (Chatto and Windus; 5s.). Mr. Hoppé is a master of his medium, and is here at his best. We return to past centuries in "OLD LONDON." Cornhill, Threadneedle Street, and Lombard Street, Old Houses and Signs. By Kenneth Rogers. With 12 Illustrations (Whitefriars Press; 8s. 6d.).

Two little volumes in the Historic Buildings Series appear appropriately in Jubilee Year—"ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL." By S. A. Warner; and "THE TOWER OF LONDON." By Walter G. Bell, F.S.A. Illustrated (Duckworth; 3s. 6d. each). For popular reading, these books



PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "SEASHORE WITH BOATS."—BY JOHN SELL COTMAN. (1782-1842.)

This is a small but characteristic study, and is a particularly welcome acquisition, for the National Gallery is far from rich in Cotmans. It is painted on millboard in oils and must represent one of the artist's earliest experiments in that medium. It dates from 1807. It has been hung over Cotman's

"Wherries on the Yare" in Room XXIII.

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than once I have achieved the distinction of "writing to *The Times*." Its correspondence columns, we are told, attract so many would-be contributors that "without a severe censorship there would be little room for any other feature." For private reasons, therefore, apart from the excellence of its news service or its literary and archaeological matter, I am one of those who regard *The Times* as a "pillar of the people's hope."

The present volume must not be confused with "The History of *The Times*: 'The Thunderer' in the Making," reviewed in our issue of Jan. 19 last. What we have now is a reprint, in book form, of the special number of the paper itself issued on the occasion. Indicating its purpose, the foreword says: "This Special Number, while including a summary of leading events in the story of *The Times* and other articles concerned with its development, attempts a sketch of the evolution of the Press . . . a history of news is one of the fascinating books that have never been written." There are allusions also to the rise of pictorial journalism and the foundation of *The Illustrated London News*, now approaching its own centenary.

On the biographical side the book abounds with interest, not only regarding the owners and editors of *The Times*—the Walter family, Thomas Barnes (the original "Jupiter tonans," who gloried in anonymity and only now stands revealed as the power he was), Delane and his successors in the editorial chair, Lord Northcliffe, and the present régime; but also through incidental comments on famous personages and bygone phases of social history. Thus, for example, we learn that Erasmus was probably at one time a proof-corrector. Again, in a chapter on reviewing, it is recalled that Matthew Arnold got "his first public recognition" through a review of "Poems by 'A.'" in *The Times* of Nov. 4, 1853, and that in 1859 due honour was done to Darwin's "Origin of Species," and Meredith's first novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." *The Thunderer* can also claim to have published "the longest review ever written"—a terrific slating of Lord Brougham's translation of "Demosthenes on the Crown." The story of Brougham's friendship and subsequent quarrel with Thomas Barnes, and of his controversy with *The Times*, forms an important episode, illustrated with contemporary cartoons.

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PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "THE EXPULSION OF THE MONEY-CHANGERS." BY BERNARDO CAVALLINO. (1622-1654.)

Cavallino is now reckoned one of the most distinguished and graceful Neapolitan painters of his period, but he is not well known outside Italy and hitherto he has not been represented in the National Gallery. The "Expulsion of the Money Changers" is one of his most ambitious compositions. It was previously in the Sestieri Collection and was exhibited at the Pitti Palace in 1922. It has been presented to the National Gallery by Count Contini Bonacossi, of Florence, and is on exhibition in Room XXVII.

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adequate fulfil their purpose, and will stimulate further study. From a very different institution emanates a charmingly pictured little work—"SOME BIRDS OF THE LONDON ZOO." By F. Martin Duncan, Librarian, Zoological Society of London, author of "Close-Ups from Nature." With twenty-six Coloured Plates from Water-colours by the author (John Bale, Sons and Danielsson; 6s.).—C. E. B.

AN OKAPI FOR THE "ZOO": THE "LIVING FOSSIL" FOR REGENT'S PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS 3 AND 4 BY CAPTAIN TRACY PHILLIPS; NOS. 1 AND 2 BY MR. CORNELIUS P. BEZUIDENHOUT.



1. AN OKAPI PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS FOR THE FIRST TIME—BY A HUNTER IN A FOREST HOG'S SKIN: A FEMALE IN THE UNDERGROWTH OF THE ITURI FOREST, BELGIAN CONGO.



2. AN OKAPI PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS FOR THE FIRST TIME: ANOTHER SNAPSHOT OF THE FEMALE SEEN IN THE FIRST OF OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.—PUBLISHED BY US IN JULY 1931.



3. THE OKAPI DESTINED FOR REGENT'S PARK FEEDING ON LEAVES: THE RARE BEAST GIVEN BY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES AND BY HIM TO THE LONDON "ZOO."

which will be seen in the London "Zoo" before long, and of which two new photographs are here shown. Further, in our issues of November 3 and 10, 1934, we dealt with the young okapi caught by Commander Attilio Gatti. This was captured in a most ingenious manner. Knowing the okapi's fear of falling trees, Commander Gatti had such a fall imitated. The ruse was successful. A big female darted away like an arrow, leaving behind her her baby, a male of about three months, which was caught without difficulty. Discussing the royal gift, which, thanks to the enterprise and knowledge of Brother Hutsebut, of the Marist Brothers of Buta (Uele), was caught in a pit in the Great Equatorial Forest early in October of last year, "The Times" recalled the other day that the okapi is of very great scientific interest. "It can truthfully be described as a living fossil. It is scarcely distinguishable from an extinct animal called samotherium (or alternatively paleotragus), which existed in Greece in the Lower Pliocene period, some 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 years ago. During this epoch, modern giraffes too had already been evolved, but the giraffe family was mainly represented

[Continued below]



4. THE OKAPI DESTINED FOR REGENT'S PARK: THE "LIVING FOSSIL" PHOTOGRAPHED JUST AFTER ITS CAPTURE IN SOUTH-WEST UELE, THANKS TO THE ENTERPRISE OF BROTHER HUTSEBUT.



5. THE OKAPI FOR THE LONDON "ZOO": THE HEAD OF THE BEAST; SHOWING THE HORNS, WHICH APPEAR IN THE MALE ONLY AND ARE OF THE SAME GENERAL TYPE AS THOSE OF GIRAFFES, SHORT BONY PROJECTIONS COVERED WITH SKIN.

TWO of the photographs reproduced on this page—those by Captain Tracy Phillips, by whose courtesy we give them—form a particularly interesting addition to the numerous photographs concerning the okapi which we have printed from time to time. The first photograph ever published of this rarest of wild game—a picture made from dead specimens brought home by Major Powell-Cotton and Lieut. Boyd Alexander—appeared in our issue of August 3, 1907. None could be obtained before, although Powell-Cotton had discovered the beast in 1900. In the issue of the following September 7 we gave the first photograph of a living okapi ever taken. In July 1931 we showed the first photographs ever taken of an okapi in its natural haunts in the Ituri forest of the Belgian Congo; snapshots by Mr. Cornelius P. Bezuidenhout. Since then we have reproduced pictures of several specimens in captivity, including one (No. 5 on this page; used in our issue of December 29, 1934) of the specimen, given to the Prince of Wales by the King of the Belgians,

[Continued in centre.]

by a number of short-necked forms whose remains have been found in South-Eastern Europe and across to India. . . . The okapi, taking refuge in the inhospitable tropical forests of Africa, is the only survivor of the giraffe stock in its short-necked and more flourishing period. . . . The okapi to-day is found in a narrow belt of country 80 to 140 miles wide, stretching westwards from close to the base of Ruwenzori almost to the lower reaches of the great Ubangi River as it makes its way into the Congo." The specimen with which we are concerned, which is on the high seas as we write, will be the fourth to reach Europe. Three have been shown in the Antwerp "Zoo," and one of these survives. "The Times" also records that one of the central lawns of the Main Gardens at Regent's Park is being fenced off and that a temporary house for the expected arrival will be built in one corner. All continuing well, "here the okapi will be on view during the summer months until the approach of cold weather renders it necessary to transfer him to permanent quarters."

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK: MATTERS OF ARTISTIC INTEREST.



THE MARNE MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY PRESIDENT LEBRUN: THE GROUP REPRESENTING THE SPIRITS OF EIGHT FRENCH SOLDIERS RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES.

On July 21, M. Lebrun unveiled on the Butte Chalmont, near Soissons, a memorial to the French soldiers who fell in the second battle of the Marne which led to victory in 1918. The monument, the work of M. Paul Landowski, consists of two pieces of sculpture. The first is a figure representing France; the other is this group, representing the spirits of eight soldiers rising from their graves at the news of victory.



A CARGO OF FABULOUS VALUE: SOME OF THE CHINESE ART TREASURES ON BOARD H.M.S. "SUFFOLK," WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO ENGLAND.

The cruiser "Suffolk" reached Portsmouth on July 19 carrying Chinese works of art—bronzes, paintings, and porcelain—lent by the Imperial Palace at Peking for the Burlington House Exhibition of Chinese Art which opens in November. The 21,000 pieces brought by the "Suffolk" are to be the nucleus of the Exhibition. Other contributions are coming from many parts of the world, but none was obtainable from Japan.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: TWO EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BOXWOOD STATUETTES REPRESENTING ALEXANDER (LEFT) AND AUGUSTUS (RIGHT).

These boxwood statuettes, probably carved in the early eighteenth century, form an interesting example of the work of a period when European taste was transitional between the regal magnificence and splendour of the seventeenth century and the frivolity and lightness of Rococo. The subjects—Augustus and Alexander—reflect the inherited interest in classical art, but the affected pose and the purely decorative liberties taken with the costume betray glimpses of the coming style. A new tradition of gaiety is also apparent in the carving of the bases. The artist is unknown. He was almost certainly a South German carver, perhaps one of those attached to the Court at Munich. In this connection the name of Matthias Loth has been suggested.



A GERMAN TREASURE OF THE MONTH: A MEDIEVAL WOODEN STATUE OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

The Deutsches Museum, Berlin, follows the example of our Victoria and Albert Museum in regularly isolating one of its treasures for special exhibition. The committee's choice for the month of August is this wooden statue of St. Sebastian, a recent acquisition of the Museum dating from the late Middle Ages. It is the work of a Swabian woodcutter.



THE ROMAN PAVEMENT AT WOODCHESTER REOPENED FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION: A GENERAL VIEW (ABOVE) OF THE LARGEST MOSAIC IN ENGLAND; AND (LEFT) A CLOSER VIEW. The Bishop of Gloucester presided at the reopening by the Duchess of Beaufort, on July 22, of the Roman pavement at Woodchester, Gloucestershire. It was the fifth time in the last hundred and forty years that the pavement has been uncovered for public inspection. It will remain open till August 10. The profits from its exhibition are to be partly used to increase the Bishop's fund on behalf of the newly formed parishes in the diocese. The mosaic was made in the second century, and treats of the Grecian story of Orpheus in the Roman manner. It is the largest mosaic pavement preserved in this country, and one of the largest in the world.

THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN DISPUTE: ETHIOPIA IN ARMS; AND OTHER PHASES OF THE CRISIS.



ONE OF HAILE SILASSIE'S THREE SONS AT A MILITARY REVIEW AT ADDIS ABABA: THE PRINCE CINEMATOGRAPHING MANEUVRES OF THE EUROPEANISED TROOPS OF THE EMPEROR'S ARMY, WHICH ARE INSPECTED BY THEIR RULER ALMOST DAILY.



THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE OF ABYSSINIA IN HIS KHAKI FIELD-MARSHAL'S UNIFORM, WHICH HE WORE WHEN MAKING HIS "UNITE AGAINST THE INVADER" SPEECH IN HIS PARLIAMENT AND WEARS WHEN HE REVIEWS THE TROOPS OF THE EUROPEANISED SECTION OF HIS ARMY.



THE ARMS QUESTION: AN ABYSSINIAN GUARDING CASES OF MAUSER RIFLES, WITH ACCESSORIES, SENT TO ADDIS ABABA VIA THE PORT OF DJIBOUTI, IN FRENCH SOMALILAND.



SUGGESTING THE GREAT WAR! ABYSSINIAN INFANTRY AT BAYONET PRACTICE AGAINST STRAW-FILLED SACKS—ONE OF THE MANY SIGNS OF MILITARY ACTIVITY ABOUT ADDIS ABABA SINCE THE DISPUTE WITH ITALY BEGAN.



THE IMPORT OF ARMS AND MILITARY EQUIPMENT INTO ABYSSINIA, A MATTER WHICH HAS GIVEN THE POWERS FURIOUSLY TO THINK: CASES OF AMMUNITION EXPORTED FROM ABROAD AT ADDIS ABABA RAILWAY STATION.



AS A TRAIN WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE ADDIS ABABA FOR DJIBOUTI, FRENCH SOMALILAND, WITH FOREIGN RESIDENTS WHO HAD DECIDED TO GO HOME: BEGGARS ASKING ALMS AT A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Concerning certain of these photographs, a note or two may be useful.—Reviews of troops are now a commonplace near Addis Ababa, and the Emperor is present at many of them, wearing the khaki uniform of a Field-Marshal, as he did when he made his historic "unite against the invader" speech to his Parliament on July 18.—The question of the supply of munitions has been a delicate one for some time. Abyssinia, lacking armament firms, has to rely on foreign supplies. The feeling in various quarters is that if Italy can obtain arms and equipment

from outside, Abyssinia should be able to do the same, the argument being that, if war came, neutrality would be best served if the two combatants were treated alike. In the House of Commons the other day, Sir Samuel Hoare, the Foreign Secretary, stated that he hoped before long to make a definite statement. There are very many difficult points to be settled—in all probability, after consultation with other Powers—including the possibility of the passage of arms through British territory. It is understood that the Cabinet discussed the matter early this week.

THE FOLK-DANCE FESTIVAL—THE FIRST OF ITS KIND: RITUAL, REALISM, AND REJOICING IN EUROPEAN PEASANT DANCES IN LONDON.



THE INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE FESTIVAL IN LONDON: BRETONS GIVING A DISPLAY IN THE OPEN AIR.



SPANISH FOLK DANCERS GIVING A PERFORMANCE IN HYDE PARK.



A NORWEGIAN FOLK DANCE IN NATIONAL COSTUME.



A HUNGARIAN WEDDING DANCE: WOMEN WHIRLING ROUND WITH BOTTLES OF TOKAY ON THEIR HEADS.



M. SEPP, THE FLAG-THROWER OF THE SWISS DANCERS.



AN AMAZING ACROBATIC DISPLAY IN AN IMPROMPTU PERFORMANCE BY UKRAINE DANCERS OUTSIDE THE ALBERT HALL.



RUMANIAN DANCERS OUTSIDE THE ALBERT HALL, WITH MUSICIANS AND A FEROCIOUS MASKED FIGURE.



MUSICIANS OF THE ASIATIC RUSSIAN FOLK DANCE GROUP.



AUSTRIAN FOLK DANCERS PRACTISING IN THE OPEN COUNTRY.



A PICTURESQUE PIRUETTE BY A POLISH WOMAN FOLK DANCER.



THE STRANGE FIGURE FORMED BY MEN IN A DANISH DANCE.



A PARTY OF SWISS YODELLERS FROM APPENZELL—WITH HUGE COW-BELLS.

The International Folk Dance Festival—illustrated—the first of its kind—was held in London under the auspices of the English Folk Dance and Song Society and of the British National Committee on Folk Arts. The first set programme was presented at the Albert Hall on July 17, when dances were given by the teams of twelve of the eighteen countries represented. German, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Polish, Bulgarian,

Danish, and English dances were seen; while the Rumanian ritual dance and the Swiss yodelling dance created a great impression on this particular occasion. The ritual dance by the Rumanian Calusari was generally considered by many to be anthropologically, the most interesting of all those seen. It also had great dramatic and emotional power, derived from the primitive forces that find plain expression in

it. On the afternoon of July 19 dances were given at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park; and a final display took place in the grounds of Lambeth Palace on July 20, by permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury. One of the most interesting dances performed on this occasion was the Austrian "Tresterer." This is a men's carnival dance specially learned for the Folk Dancing Festival from traditional dancers,

but with great difficulty, owing to the secrecy maintained by the Tresterer Guilds. The Festival came to an end with a ball at the Horticultural Hall on July 20. A conference on folk dancing, which had held meetings in London during the Festival, was concluded on the same date. All who saw the dancing will concur in wishing that the first Folk Dance Festival may not be the last.

PERSONALITIES OF THE
WEEK:
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC
EYE.



THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: CHAIRING ARMOURER-SERGEANT F. S. FRENCH, WHO WAS THE WINNER WITH A SCORE OF 289.

On July 20, when the Bisley Meeting came to an end, the King's Prize was won by Armourer-Sergeant F. S. French, late of the Hertfordshire Yeomanry. He had the fine score of 289, one point more than that of last year's winner. French is forty-eight years old, and has been in the final nine times. He was a well-known shot as long ago as 1914.



COMMANDER ARTHUR WATTS, D.S.O., R.N.V.R. (RET.).

Killed July 20, in the Dutch aeroplane disaster; aged fifty-two. Distinguished for his part at Zeebrugge, and as an artist. Regular contributor to "Punch" and frequently to "The Sketch," "Life," and "Radio Times."



MR. L. M. NESBITT.

Killed, with Commander Watts, in the Dutch air crash of July 20. A mining engineer who in 1928 made an adventurous journey through unknown districts of Abyssinia. Author of "Desert and Forest" and other books.



THE BRITISH DAVIS CUP TEAM: C. R. D. TUCKEY, G. P. HUGHES, H. ROPER BARRETT (CAPTAIN), H. W. AUSTIN, AND F. J. PERRY. The challenge round of the Davis Cup is due to start at Wimbledon to-day, July 27. Great Britain, the holders, play the winners of the U.S.A.-Germany tie. The British team consists of the two great singles players, Austin and Perry, with Tuckey and Hughes, a combination new this year, as the doubles pair. The veteran H. Roper Barrett is non-playing captain.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

Detained after inadvertently crossing the Wahabi frontier from Transjordan, with seven companions, but afterwards reported released. The son of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Seconded to Transjordan from the Coldstream Guards.



LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES PONSONBY.

New M.P. (Conservative) for the Sevenoaks Division of Kent. Returned unopposed on July 22. Succeeds Sir Edward Hilton Young, the former Minister of Health, who has been made a Peer, with the title of Lord Kennet.

MR. JOSEPH GIBBINS.

New M.P. (Labour) for West Toxteth, Liverpool. Had a majority of 534 over Mr. J. W. J. Cremlin, the Conservative candidate, and so gained the seat for the Labour Party from the Government. Was Member from 1929 to 1931.



MISS C. MAY BEEMAN.

Organiser of Alexandra Rose Day since 1912, having undertaken the work at the request of Queen Alexandra. Instrumental in raising several millions of pounds for hospitals and other charities. Made a C.B.E. in 1925. Died July 20.



MRS. BASIL DE SELINCOURT.

Better known as Anne Douglas Sedgwick, the novelist. Died July 19. Born of American parents, but lived almost all her life in Europe. Author of nearly twenty books, including the two favourites, "Tante" and "The Little French Girl."



MILLE. HERMANIDES.

"Air hostess," or stewardess, aboard the Douglas air liner which crashed on July 20, when all nine passengers and the four members of the crew were killed. Victim of the disaster in which Commander Watts and Mr. Nesbitt lost their lives.



MME. MARTHE HANAU.

The French woman financier who was long associated with the "Gazette du Franc." Died in the hospital of Fresnes prison on July 19, aged forty-nine. Had been arrested for obtaining a confidential report from M. Flandin's private desk.



A NEW BRITISH GLIDING RECORD: MR. J. C. NEILAN, WHO MADE A FLIGHT OF 13 HOURS 7 MINUTES AT SUTTON BANK.

On July 16, Mr. J. C. Neilan, of Seaham Harbour, Durham, broke the British gliding record at Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, the new national headquarters of the sport. His flight lasted for 13 hours 7 minutes, comfortably beating the previous record of 12 hours 21 minutes, which had been set up by Mr. J. Laver, of Weymouth.



VICE-ADMIRAL E. A. ASTLEY-RUSHTON.

Killed July 18, in a motor accident; aged fifty-six. Had a distinguished war service, including the Battle of Jutland. Was a gunnery specialist. Since 1934 commanded the Reserve Fleet, and did so at the recent Royal Review.



THE RETIRING NEPALESE MINISTER (RIGHT), GENERAL SIR BAHADUR SHUMSHERE JUNG BAHADUR RANA, WITH HIS SUCCESSOR.

The retiring Nepalese Minister in London, Commanding General Sir Bahadur Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, who was the first to hold the office, left this country for home on July 21. He was seen off at Victoria by the new Minister (left), Lieut.-General Krishna Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, who is his first cousin. The retiring Minister had been in the post for just over a year.

DISTURBED LAHORE: THE MOSQUE THAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE; AND TROOPS.



THE CAUSE OF THE MOSLEM-SIKH TENSION WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE RECENT DISTURBANCES IN LAHORE: THE DOME OF THE OLD DISUSED SHAHIDGANJ MOSQUE, WHICH HAS BEEN IN SIKH POSSESSION FOR SOME 170 YEARS.



THE DEMOLITION OF THE OLD SHAHIDGANJ MOSQUE, WHICH, THOUGH UNDERTAKEN BECAUSE IT WAS IN A DANGEROUS STATE, PROVOKED MOSLEM RELIGIOUS FEELING: THE MOSQUE WITH ITS DOME GONE, AND GANGS OF "HOUSE-BREAKERS" AT WORK.



THROWING DOWN THE WALLS OF THE SHAHIDGANJ MOSQUE IN THE COURSE OF ITS DEMOLITION BY ITS SIKH OWNERS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PORTABLE BARBED WIRE BARRIERS ALREADY IN THE ROAD.



TENSION IN LAHORE AS THE RESULT OF MOSLEM PROCESSIONS TO THE MOSQUE IN PROCESS OF DEMOLITION BY ITS SIKH OWNERS: A PICKET OF BRITISH TROOPS ON DUTY; WITH BARBED WIRE BARRIERS IN THE ROAD.



A SECTION POST OF BRITISH TROOPS IN THE DANGER ZONE: TYPICAL MEN OF THE FORCE WHO SHOWED THE UTMOST RESTRAINT IN FACE OF MOB VIOLENCE AND ONLY FIRED SOME TWENTY-THREE ROUNDS.



AT THE SHAHIDGANJ GURDWARA AT LAHORE: SIKHS, INCLUDING ONE ARMED MAN, GATHERED IN THIS SIKH PROPERTY; WITH THE REMAINS OF THE SHAHIDGANJ MOSQUE—THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCES—IN THE BACKGROUND.

The trouble in Lahore began earlier in the month as the result of strained Moslem-Sikh relations after the partial demolition of a building attached to the Sikh gurdwara (shrine) which the Moslems claim as an old mosque. According to a reliable account, the mosque, built on the site in the time of the Moguls, was taken over by the Sikhs during their occupation of the Punjab, and since then has been continuously occupied by them. It was decided to demolish the building because it was considered dangerous. More recently rioting occurred in Lahore on July 20 and 21 when Moslem attempts to reach the shrine in dispute led ultimately to firing by the troops on the crowd of rioters. After Friday prayers, large Moslem processions

formed with the intention of marching through the city towards the shrine, but were held up by the police. Throughout Friday night there was a deadlock; on Saturday the crowd assumed an attitude of passive resistance. Police and cavalry tried to disperse it, but it returned in a more hostile mood, and the troops were compelled to fire. As we go to press, the situation is reported to be much improved; a large section of the Moslems manifesting a desire to return quietly to their homes. Official information indicates that firing was resorted to on ten occasions, but that only twenty-three rounds were fired; which suggests the utmost restraint on the part of the troops and police. The deaths were believed not to exceed nine.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE NEW HANNIBAL: MR. RICHARD HALLIBURTON, MOUNTED ON DINAH, AN INDIAN SHE-ELEPHANT, ARRIVING AT ST. BERNARD DURING HIS CROSSING OF THE ALPS. Mr. Richard Halliburton, the American journalist and traveller, is seen emulating the feat of Hannibal by taking an elephant across the Alps. On July 19 he left Martigny, accompanied by a motor-lorry carrying his camping outfit, fodder, and a huge straw bundle in which the elephant was wrapped at night. He was welcomed at the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard, but was held up there by Customs difficulties.



THE WHEELBARROW WAGER: TOM PARKINSON PUSHING HIS PASSENGER UP TO THE TOP OF MT. BUFFALO, VICTORIA, ACCOMPANIED BY A GROUP OF SPECTATORS.

Great interest was created in Australia by the wager of Tom Parkinson, aged forty-eight, a garage proprietor of Beechworth, Victoria. He undertook to push Tony Evans, aged fifty, a publican, in a wheelbarrow from Beechworth to the top of Mt. Buffalo, fifty miles away, in eight days. The wager was won with forty minutes to spare. Before the attempt began, both men weighed fourteen stone, but Parkinson was soon much lighter.



"CARMEN" AT THE SCARBOROUGH OPEN AIR THEATRE: BIZET'S POPULAR OPERA GIVEN ON A STAGE WHICH IS AN ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A LAKE. A great attraction at Scarborough this summer is the presentation of "Carmen" twice weekly from July 22 to September 9 on the city's beautiful open-air stage. Miss Constance Willis is playing Carmen and Mr. Arthur Cox is Don José. Mr. Sumner Austin, of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells Theatres, is producing. It is thought that never before in this country has grand opera been produced in the open air. The Scarborough Open-Air Theatre was built at a cost of £60,000.



MR. NEILAN'S RECORD GLIDING FLIGHT: HIS MACHINE OVER SUTTON BANK DURING THE FLIGHT OF 13 HOURS 7 MINUTES.

As mentioned on our Personal Page, where we give his portrait, Mr. J. C. Neilan, of Seaham Harbour, Durham, broke the British gliding record on July 16 with a flight of 13 hours 7 minutes. The feat was performed at Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, where a national gliding centre has recently been established. The previous British record was defeated by three-quarters of an hour.



THE DUTCH AIR DISASTER IN SWITZERLAND: THE WRECKAGE OF THE DOUGLAS MACHINE WHICH CRASHED IN BAD WEATHER, KILLING ALL THE OCCUPANTS.

A Douglas air liner on the Dutch K.L.M. service Milan-Frankfurt-Amsterdam crashed on July 20 near the San Bernardino Pass, Canton Grisons, all nine passengers and the four members of the crew being killed. The dead included the two distinguished Englishmen, Commander Arthur Watts and Mr. L. M. Nesbitt, whose portraits are given on our Personal Page. The disaster occurred in very bad flying weather. A violent storm was raging over the San Bernardino region,



WRECKAGE OF THE DUTCH AIR LINER SO COMPLETE THAT ONE ENGINE WAS FOUND LYING 60 FT. FROM THE MACHINE: THE EFFECTS OF A 600-FT. FALL.

and the pilot, reaching the Pian San Giacomo, a small plateau shut in between high mountains at an altitude of 3845 feet, apparently could not find a way out. Suddenly, the machine, as it seemed to observers, was either struck by lightning or dragged down by an air current, for it fell rapidly from a height of 600 feet. The wreckage of the aeroplane was complete. The Lufthansa temporarily took over the Amsterdam-Milan route after the disaster.



A FAMOUS GIRLS' SCHOOL
NOW KEEPING
ITS JUBILEE: ROEDEAN
AFTER 50 YEARS—
SWIMMING, HOBBIES,
PETS, AND AN EXAMPLE
OF EARLY TRAINING
IN SELF-RELIANCE.



Above: AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY AS A POPULAR HOBBY AT ROEDEAN: A CRITICAL MOMENT DURING THE "SNAPPING" OF A GROUP IN THE CLOISTER COURT.

Left: WHERE THE GIRLS LEARN THE VITALLY IMPORTANT ART OF SWIMMING: LISTENING TO WORDS OF GOOD COUNSEL BESIDE THE FINE OPEN-AIR BATHING-POOL AT ROEDEAN SCHOOL.

Right: A DAILY TASK IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL AT ROEDEAN, WHERE EACH GIRL MAKES HER OWN BED—WITH EXTRA CARE ON INSPECTION DAYS! GOOD TRAINING IN SELF-RELIANCE AND DOMESTIC EFFICIENCY.



PET-KEEPING—ENCOURAGED AMONG THE JUNIORS AT ROEDEAN SO LONG AS EACH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER OWN: A GUINEA-PIG TAUGHT TO KEEP STILL WHILE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

AS noted under the illustrations reproduced on the next two pages and devoted to the same subject, Roedean has attained its jubilee, and it was arranged that the celebrations should begin on July 26, continuing over the week-end. From small beginnings, at Brighton, in 1885, it has developed into one of the greatest of girls' schools. The object has always been to train girls in self-reliance and independence, allowing them "as much liberty as could be granted with safety." In the Junior School each girl has to make her own bed, and pet-keeping is encouraged so long as every owner remains responsible for her own charges. Amateur

[Continued opposite.]



GUINEA-PIGS AND WHITE RABBITS EASILY THE FIRST FAVOURITES AS PETS IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL AT ROEDEAN: A COMPARISON OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Continued.]
photography is a very popular hobby. There is ample provision for games and athletics, and the school possesses a fine open-air swimming-pool, constantly patronised in suitable weather. Describing the cliffs between Brighton and Rottingdean in his book, "The Sussex Coast," Mr. Ian C. Hannah writes: "Magnificently situated above them, and looking straight over the Channel, are the splendid buildings of Roedean School, an institution for girls on the lines of the great public schools, founded by the Misses Lawrence. Its growth has been extraordinary, and a branch has been found necessary as far off as Johannesburg. The façade is in Tudor style modified, with large gables and small-windows, recessed in the centre to form a court with a clock-tower over the entrance and another tower each side. Among the buildings at the back is a chapel with cloister court and fountain in the style of the Italian Renaissance."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. O. HOPPE.
(SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 176 AND 177.)

A FEMININE "ETON" FOUNDED FIFTY YEARS AGO WITH FIFTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. O. HOPPS



PRACTICAL ART WORK IN THE OPEN AIR AS AN ELEMENT IN THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN GIRL: A SKETCHING CLASS BESIDE A FOUNTAIN IN THE CLOISTER COURT AT ROEDEAN SCHOOL, NEAR BRIGHTON.



INDIVIDUAL STUDY IN THE SPACIOUS AND WELL-EQUIPPED LIBRARY OF ROEDEAN SCHOOL: A SCENE RECALLING RUSKIN'S ADVICE ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS, IN "SESAME AND LILIES."



YOUNG MUSICIANS WHO HAVE BEEN ALLOTTED A PROMINENT PART IN THE SCHOOL'S JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS, BEING HELD THIS MONTH: THE PERCUSSION BAND AND ITS CONDUCTOR AT REHEARSAL.



WHERE THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE JUBILEE OF ROEDEAN WILL TAKE PLACE: THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, WITH GIRLS SINGING, AND THE ORGAN GALLERY (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND).

It is just fifty years since Lord Justice Lawrence, then a rising young barrister, lent his eldest sister, Penelope, fifty pounds to start a girls' school. That was the origin of Roedean, now one of the most famous schools in the world, and at present keeping its jubilee. The celebrations were fixed to begin on Friday, July 26, and continue over the week-end. "Old girls" of Roedean from all over the world planned to

gather for the occasion, and at least 1000 guests were expected. Lord Justice Lawrence himself arranged to be present, with his sister, Miss Theresa Lawrence, who founded a second Roedean in South Africa, and is now on holiday in England. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, accepted an invitation to distribute the prizes. Among the chief events on the celebrations programme are a jubilee dinner in Brighton,

POUNDS: ROEDEAN SCHOOL—NOW CELEBRATING ITS JUBILEE.

(SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 175)



"LAURA KNIGHTS" OF THE FUTURE STUDYING THE FEMININE FORM: DRAWING FROM THE LIFE IN AN ART CLASS AT ROEDEAN SCHOOL, WITH ONE OF THE PUPILS ACTING AS MODEL.



IN THE POTTERY SCHOOL AT ROEDEAN, WHERE THE TILES ON THE WALL ARE THE WORK OF PUPILS: GIRLS BUSY ON A FASCINATING TASK—ONE OF THEM PAINTING A VASE.



ELDER PUPILS AT ROEDEAN TROPPING DOWN A STAIRCASE WITH THEIR BOOKS AND SATCHELS: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.



A DORMITORY SYSTEM WITH SEPARATE SLEEPING PLACES: ROWS OF CURTAINED CUBICLES LINING A CORRIDOR IN THE JUNIOR SCHOOL AT ROEDEAN—A GOOD-NIGHT CHAT AND EXCHANGE OF MASCOTS.

a thanksgiving service in the School Chapel on Sunday, July 28, and a cricket match between teams of fathers and daughters. The actual founder of Roedean, Penelope Lawrence, and her two sisters, Dorothy and Milliecast, who helped her to build its fortunes, are no longer living. Miss Penelope died three years ago at the age of seventy-five. It is interesting now to recall Roedean's early days and wonderful

development. With the £50 borrowed from her brother, Miss Lawrence rented and furnished a house in Lewes Crescent, at the east end of Brighton front, and in July 1885 opened there a school to train girls to independence and self-reliance, with the maximum of liberty advisable. In this modest beginning the school grew, until there arose the splendid buildings that now front the sea between Brighton and Rottingdean.



THE North Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum is devoted to an exhibition of old and new English pottery which deserves rather more publicity than it has up to now obtained. One reaches it through the section of the building in which the most magnificent collection of English silver in the world is miserably displayed in serried ranks of Victorian cases apparently devised of malice aforethought with the single purpose of reducing even enthusiasts to boredom. One emerges from this classic example of bad showmanship into a brave new world in which all sorts of pots, dating from the fourteenth century, are classified and arranged in a good light, against a suitable background, and in a logical manner. Already "half in love with dusty death" in the silver room, your first view of this pottery show will reconcile you to life once more, for it contains a great many excellent things and, what is more, puts up the new against the old so that you can judge for yourself what progress—if any—has been made in the course of five centuries.

Rather oddly, the little four-page book which describes the exhibition is apologetic over the fact that English potters have always been devoted to "utility as the prime reason for the existence of their wares. This is conspicuously apparent in the mediaeval wares with which the exhibition begins, and continues right through to the table services of to-day. Such adherence to a practical aim by no means implies any lack of feeling for the aesthetic qualities of the material . . ." and so on. A Museum which owes its foundation to the profits of the Great Exhibition of 1851 presumably has to make some allowances for the prejudices of the 1850's in its official pronouncements, but, remembering how English potters have so often forgotten that pots are meant for use, and have produced, and still produce, endless atrocities in consequence, I suggest with diffidence that the writer of this booklet might have dipped his pen in a more courageous ink and started out boldly: "Thanks to his practical good sense the English potter, when left to himself, has often avoided the worst excesses of over-decoration, and has managed to produce from time to time comely, efficient, and well-shaped pieces, of which some of the finest have been gathered together in this exhibition"—or words to that effect. I ask everyone to study the photographs on this and on the opposite page without prejudice and decide for themselves whether the beautiful shapes of the early pieces have not found worthy successors to-day. I also venture to draw your attention to the following points, which are self-evident to me, but which will not necessarily commend themselves to others. I'm stating a case as briefly as possible, but I'm not trying to convert anyone to an attitude which is admittedly a trifle austere. Let me preach my gospel in this way—
(1) The most important thing in a pot is its form.
(2) The second most important thing is its colour (which unfortunately has to be guessed from a photograph).
(3) Compared to these two qualities, fine form and fine colour, decoration as such is sometimes harmless, often exceedingly tiresome.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A POTTERY EXHIBITION: YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

In this connection many people whose opinion I respect will call me to order for daring to find some of the typical Staffordshire earthenware pieces in the exhibition lacking in good form (I use the expression in its literal sense), and marred by ambitious and rather heavy-handed decoration. Had these eighteenth-century potters remembered that knobs and excrescences inevitably destroy balance, they would—say I—have produced things as practical and as good as the earlier Staffordshire pieces, some of which are seen illustrated on the opposite page. The contrasting colours of their work—glazes in browns, creams, shamrocks, and blacks—are delightful. As it was, they couldn't leave well alone. The

Compare this tin-enamelled ware of c. 1750 with some of the far more serviceable pieces that were made in Leeds, c. 1770. The Leeds work is also pretty good, as regards design, but is marred by ingenuity for the sake of ingenuity. I hold our modern people can do this sort of thing much better when they set about it, and the proof is to be seen in the plates and dish decorated with designs by Miss Dora Billington in red and black on a cream ground, and illustrated on the page facing this. As regards purely decorative pieces, the modern figures show up rather badly against those of the eighteenth century, with one or two exceptions. Of them, I think certain amusing and simple examples based on the Staffordshire tradition, and the types associated with the honoured name of Astbury (the mounted figures in the photograph reproduced on the opposite page which are covered with a soft, beautiful glaze), are as essentially "good" as they are decidedly attractive.

Some modern figures made by students of the Burslem School of Art in buff clay touched with brown slip are reproduced for comparison: they rather shock many critics partly because they are deliberately primitive in technique, and partly also because they are admittedly self-conscious and mannered. Multitudes of people expect a pottery or porcelain figure to be sweetly sentimental, and are inclined to resent a spirit of incisive caricature creeping in.

The studio potters—that is, independent artists of the calibre of Bernard Leach and Staite Murray—have a section to themselves. Their work is mainly derived from early Chinese stoneware (Sung Dynasty) which is shown in another case.

There are some who assert that the taste of to-day for plain undecorated surfaces is based largely upon the knowledge we have acquired during the past twenty years of these splendid Chinese wares. It is worth pointing out that when Sung Dynasty pots were being manufactured, mediaeval Europe was also producing vessels of an equal simplicity and hardly less excellent form (e.g., the beautiful thirteenth-century piece of Fig. 1), so that we also have a noble tradition of equal antiquity in our own right.

In general, one can say that it is the independent artist who sets a standard founded upon the past, and that commerce gradually follows suit. It is a slow process, with a considerable time-lag between promise and performance, but this exhibition bears eloquent witness to what is being accomplished to-day by numerous individuals and firms. In the long run, of course, it is the public which imposes its taste upon the manufacturer, who has to consider very carefully what he can safely place upon the market. What you and I think people ought to buy is not always what they will buy, and many a firm has introduced a fine, simple, perfectly made set of pieces only to discover that its customers can't be persuaded that a pot is good unless it is covered with gold and bulges with knobs. Exhibitions

such as this should do a great deal to encourage both the trade itself and the vast number of people who have never before had an opportunity of seeing for themselves the whole story of the English craft set out in so intelligent and so attractive a fashion. The sponsors of the show, the Museum authorities and the Council for Art and Industry (alarming title!), under the chairmanship of Mr. Frank Pick, seem to me to have every reason for congratulating themselves.



I. DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY IN OLD ENGLISH POTTERY: THREE VESSELS, DATING RESPECTIVELY FROM THE FOURTEENTH, THIRTEENTH, AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES (L. TO R.), TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF OLD AND NEW ENGLISH POTTERY AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



2. DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY IN MODERN ENGLISH POTTERY—LEAD GLAZE SLIP WARE: A JUG BY C. H. BRANNAM AND CO., OF BARNSTAPLE, AND A VASE AND DISH BY MICHAEL CARDEW, OF WINCHCOMBE, GLOUCESTER, IN THE POTTERY EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

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Bristol Delft painters, whose work is also illustrated on the opposite page, I suggest knew exactly where to stop. Other people of their period, or rather, a little later, saw Chinese importations, and, in their attempts at imitation, lost all freedom and vitality: these Bristol men, whether by natural untutored instinct or by thinking really hard about the problem, devised a formula, sketchy but effective, which puts them in the front rank as decorators.



EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STAFFORDSHIRE FIGURES IN THE SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF POTTERY AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: TWO CHARMING "ASTBURY TYPE" EQUESTRIAN PIECES; AND AN AMUSING LITTLE SALT GLAZE FIGURE OF A WOMAN.



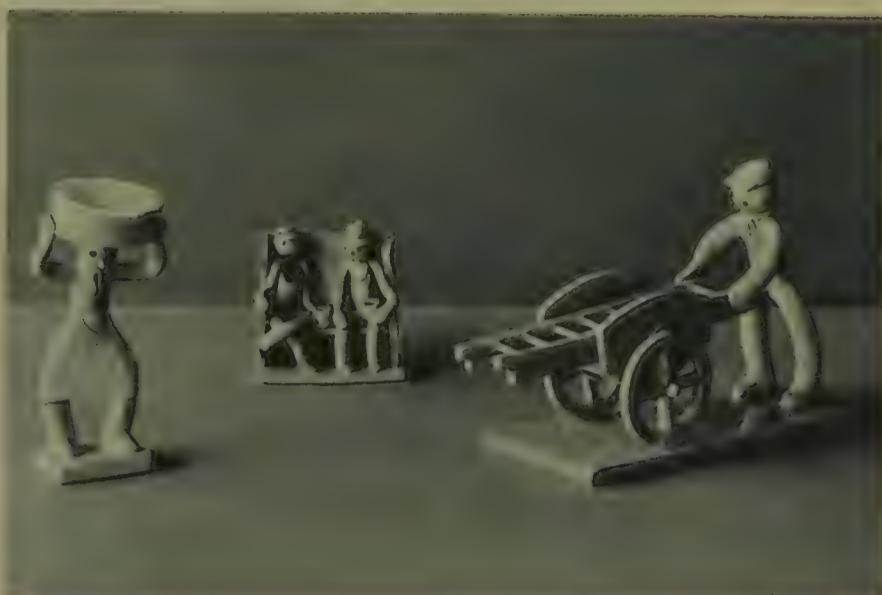
DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY IN OLD ENGLISH POTTERY: VESSELS OF LAMBETH DELFT, FULHAM STONEWARE, LAMBETH DELFT, FULHAM STONEWARE, AND NOTTINGHAM WARE (L. TO R.).



THE PAINTER'S SKILL IN OLD ENGLISH POTTERY: BRISTOL DELFT OF ABOUT 1750; BEARING CHARMING LITTLE DESIGNS, MORE OR LESS PLAINLY INDEBTED TO CHINESE INSPIRATION.

As noted in the article on the opposite page, the North Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum is devoted to an exhibition of old and new English pottery; and offers interesting parallels between new and old styles of pottery-making in this country. The uppermost pair of illustrations afford a comparison between the figures produced in Staffordshire in the past and modern pottery figures which came from the Burslem School of Art. It will be noticed that the grotesque little feminine figure has more than a little in common with the modern productions — though these are influenced by primitive technique and designedly mannered. The middle pair of

THE ENGLISH POTTER RETAINS HIS SKILL: OLD PIECES AND NEW COMPARED.



MODERN POTTERY FIGURES IN THE EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: LITTLE GROTESQUES FROM THE BURSLEM SCHOOL OF ART; THAT IN THE CENTRE BY W. RUSCOE, AND THE OTHERS BY R. SPENCER.



DIGNIFIED SIMPLICITY IN MODERN ENGLISH POTTERY: STONEWARE BY JOSEPH BOURNE AND SON, OF DENBY, DERBYSHIRE; AND A WHITE JUG BY DOULTON.



THE PAINTER'S SKILL IN MODERN ENGLISH POTTERY: EXAMPLES FROM THE KILNS OF J. AND G. MEAKIN; WITH DESIGNS IN RED AND BLACK ON A CREAM GROUND, BY MISS DORA BILLINGTON.

illustrations afford a similar comparison between the forms of modern stoneware and of old English stoneware and Delft. The large Fulham stoneware jug in the left-hand illustration is of some interest. It bears the inscription: "Iron Pear Tree Water near Godstone, Surrey," and dates from 1750. Above the inscription are two medallions, one showing a man on crutches, and the other a man walking and well — a graphic indication of the curative powers of the waters! The dates of the other pieces are respectively c. 1645, 1628, 1682, and 1726, from left to right. The remaining pair of illustrations afford a comparison in painted ware.

THE LAST SILVER JUBILEE REVIEW: THE POLICE OF GREAT BRITAIN.



THE KING'S INSPECTION OF THE POLICE OF GREAT BRITAIN IN HYDE PARK ON JULY 20: THE SCENE AS HIS MAJESTY, ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, DROVE DOWN THE LINES (RIGHT).



ON THE ROYAL DAIS DURING THE REVIEW: SIR JOHN SIMON, THE HOME SECRETARY, INDICATING A POINT OF INTEREST TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WHO ACCOMPANIED THE KING DURING HIS INSPECTION OF THE 8000 POLICE ON PARADE.

The last of the Silver Jubilee Reviews took place on July 20, when eight thousand officers and other ranks representing the police of Great Britain were inspected in Hyde Park by his Majesty the King and marched past. On his arrival in an open landau, accompanied by her Majesty the Queen, the King was received with a Royal Salute. Their Majesties drove down the lines, the King inspecting the parade; then returning to the saluting base. Included in those on parade were not only uniformed officers and other ranks from England, Scotland, and Wales, the Mounted Police, the River Police, the mechanized section of the Metropolitan

THE KING TAKING THE SALUTE DURING THE MARCH-PAST.—WITH HIS MAJESTY: THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF YORK, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND MARSHAL OF THE AIR FORCE LORD TRENCHARD, COMMISSIONER OF POLICE OF THE METROPOLIS.

Police, the Metropolitan Women Police, and the Special Constabulary, but 250 members of the Metropolitan Criminal Investigation Department in plain clothes. The march-past was led by Marshal of the Air Force Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, who was accompanied by his Staff Officer, Sir Percy Laurie, Assistant Commissioner. Owing to the Belfast disturbances, representatives of the Royal Ulster Constabulary were not present. Afterwards, the King sent a message of congratulation, and in the evening he invested Lord Trenchard with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.



ALICE'S EVIDENCE

(“The writer must have imitated somebody else,” said the King.)

“It’s a set of verses,” said the White Rabbit.

“Read them,” said the King. “Begin at the beginning, and go on till you come to the end; then stop.”

There was dead silence while the White Rabbit read:—

“They told me it was good for us,
And excellent for him:
And as we were unanimous,
She filled them to the brim.

I gave her one, they gave us two,
We gave them three (one each);
Their heartfelt gratitude I knew
Without the need for speech.

If I or she should ever be
Exhausted with the strain,
It’s up to you to see that we
Have just the same again.

It’s obvious they liked it best,
For it will always be
Superior to all the rest—
I’m sure you will agree.”



The King muttered over the verses to himself: “‘It was good for us—’ that’s a Guinness, of course—‘She filled them to the brim—’ that must be the glasses—‘Superior to all the rest—’ Guinness is certainly that, you know—”

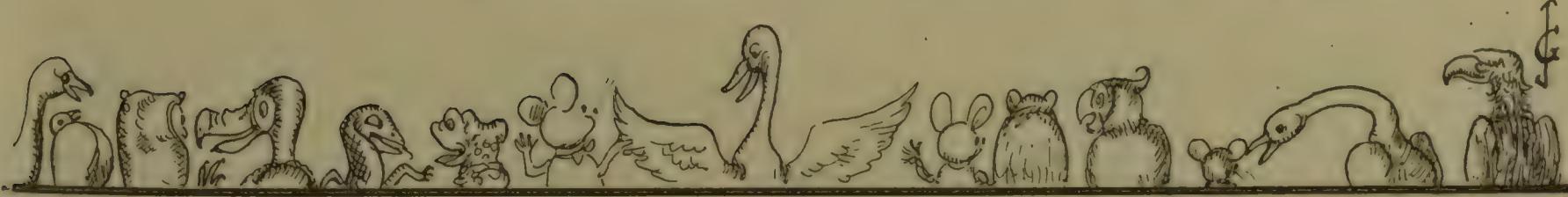
“It goes on: ‘I’m sure you will agree,’ ” said Alice.

“I do! In fact, that sentence is my verdict!” said the King.

“It’s a pun!” he added in an angry tone, and everybody laughed.

“What sentence?” said the Queen, and the King replied—

Guinness is good for you



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"BECKY SHARP."

THE dramatic merits or demerits of "Becky Sharp," the first major production to be made in the new three-component Technicolor, pale in significance beside the importance of this excursion into colour. You may hold the opinion that some violence has been done to the spirit of William Makepeace Thackeray in this chronicle of a "gold-digger" lifted from the immortal pages of "Vanity Fair." You may, on the other hand, find it excellent entertainment in the keen and intelligent interpretation of Becky by Miss Miriam Hopkins, as well as in the several good character-studies—not entirely conforming to the great novelist's portraits, no doubt, but nevertheless believable and lively—which a strong company provides. But, with all due deference to the judgment of experienced filmgoers, here is a case where such judgment cuts no ice whatsoever. "Becky Sharp" must be seen. For once I do not hesitate about the "must." For this picture heralds a second revolution in the kinematic world, less sudden and possibly less disruptive in its general effect than the advent of sound, but equally important in the annals of screen history. We have been gradually prepared for the coming of colour. The progress made in late years has not been shrouded in mystery. Full-length feature films have had their spasmodic bursts of colour, though these were valuable only as portents of the future. The eye must be

Instead, I stuck to my usual post in the front row. I found the whole production easy to look at, with no aftermath of eye-strain or headache, and no difficulty in accepting colour as an alternative to black and white.

As in every new movement, time must be given to producers and directors to free themselves from self-consciousness. There is in "Becky Sharp" an insistence on pigmental harmonies, contrasts, and effects that literally clamours for our attention and occasionally removes the

Of the dramatic value of colour there can be no doubt. I have already referred to the billowing cloaks of the officers, who, making their hurried exit beneath a huge red lantern, recall the chiaroscuro of a Rembrandt canvas. The famous ball itself, with its "sound of revelry by night," opens with a glorious burst of colour in which black relieves the gaiety of uniforms and elaborate toilettes as the couples gyrate on the tessellated floor. And, in contrast, how telling is an exquisite lapis lazuli vase in the deserted corridor, emptied by the boom of Napoleon's guns!

Mr. Rouben Mamoulian, the director of this epoch-making film, has an eye for composition and for the purely pictorial. Colour comes to his aid in the play of shadow on a clear-washed wall; in a ribbon that picks up the lights of a girl's hair, or in the pretty blend of a dainty frock and an Aubusson carpet. And Miss Miriam Hopkins, stealing all the hues of the rainbow in succession, would surely have been less vivid, less alluringly equipped for constant battle with stubborn fortune and the more malleable male, had she sailed into action in mere black and white. It has been suggested that the rapid development of Technicolor's activities, the establishment of factories both in England and America, as indicated by Dr. Herbert

T. Kalmus, president of Technicolor, will cause a considerable flutter in the dovecotes of the actors and actresses. Blondes, it would appear, may count themselves once again amongst the preferred.

Yet I cannot imagine that colour will prove so dire a test to screen favourites as did the arrival of speech. After all, complexions and curls can be bought; at any rate, they can be more easily corrected than voices. Yet to Miss Hopkins, chosen, like Mr. Al Jolson before her, to carry the banner of revolution, belongs the honour of defending her cause with enchantment. Her Becky is a most engaging creature, whether in predatory mood or in the throes of emotion. Her motive remains the same throughout, except in her love for Rawdon Crawley—played in a straightforward key by Mr. Alan Mowbray—but she varies the method of her approach deliciously, according to the nature of her victim. In her scenes with the Marquis of Steyne the conflict between two unscrupulous combatants has a tension that derives much from the poise and restraint of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who, by the way, seems to prove that pallor can be just as convincing and effective in the new medium as the blushing or bucolic cheek.



"LES CENT BAISERS," THE NEW BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: THE PRINCE (LICHINE) ARRIVES TO WOO THE PRINCESS (BARONOVA), WHO IS HERE SEEN WITH HER MAIDS.

"Les Cent Baisers" is, of course, founded on the Hans Andersen fairy story "The Swineherd." The music is by Frederic d'Erlanger, and the choreography by Bronislawa Nijinska.

scenes several degrees south of reality. Life, even in the strident days of the Regency, was not a riot of tropical flamboyance, nor were all complexions reminiscent of the South Sea Islands in London and Brussels. When colour ceases to be a new sensation, and is no longer exploited for its own sake *pour épater les bourgeois*, it will be used, not only with a greater freedom, but also with a greater discretion. One has but to remember the spate of words which flooded the screen when the talking-picture was in its infancy, and the "box-office draw" of the speaking shadows was all-sufficient, irrespective of the picture's dramatic content, to realise how surely and inevitably colour will fall into its natural place. Just as surely and inevitably it will edge the black and white picture off the screen, and the second revolution will be brought to a successful issue, adding yet another dimension to kinematic art, with a stereoscopy lurking on the horizon to supply the fourth.

"Becky Sharp" has been hailed as the Conquest of Colour, and as far as interiors are concerned its conquest is certainly complete. A carefully chosen subject, permitting legitimate play with the rich reds and sapphire tints of uniforms, and the cool, pale tones of period settings, allows the director to avoid

almost wholly the difficult business of exterior colour-photography. For here are fields still left to conquer. The elusive quality of sky and air has yet to be caught and harnessed to the cause of Technicolor. A certain oppression still emanates from outdoor scenes. The solidity of the sky brings the illimitable within measurable distance, and thereby creates that feeling of "no room to breathe" which was, and sometimes is, the peculiarity of the canvas skies and plywood villages of the studio-built exterior. But with so much perfection already achieved, the subjugation of the elements is merely a matter of further experiment. There is now no lack of space and perspective within doors in the coloured film. Indeed, "Becky Sharp" shows some beautiful long "shots" in which there is so much gain of depth that the effect is almost stereoscopic. If the "close-ups" are still less pleasing to the eye than the middle-distances, I think the reason may be sought in the present intensive preoccupation with colour, which seems to rule out of court any fading away into neutral and indefinite tints, such as would naturally occur in a distant group of people.



"PRIVATE WORLDS," AT THE PLAZA: CLAUDETTE COLBERT AND CHARLES BOYER AS DR. JANE EVEREST AND DR. CHARLES MONET IN A DRAMA OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

In "Private Worlds," two clever nerve specialists, Jane Everest and Alex MacGregor (Joel McCrea), are seen working together and effecting many cures. But a foreign superintendent of the hospital is appointed. This is Dr. Charles Monet, and he brings with him his alluring sister, Claire, who creates trouble between MacGregor and his wife. Sally MacGregor (Joan Bennett) loses her wits; but Jane Everest and Monet are able to restore her by means of a skilful operation, and finally find happiness in each other's love.

attuned to colour, and as an embellishment of a black and white film it was definitely unsatisfactory. But the fine little Pioneer Picture, "La Cucaracha," in Technicolor, was a worthy forerunner of "Becky Sharp," and, owing to its colour schemes to the same designer, Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, introduced the dramatic use of scarlet and blue cloaks which lends an added thrill to the scene of hurried dispersal from the Duchess of Richmond's historic ball on the eve of Waterloo. Thus the filmgoer who has followed the trend of kinematic entertainment is not taken unawares. He is alive to the progress of the three-colour system; in other words, the new process of natural-colour cinematography which utilises all three, instead of only two, primary colour-components. He no longer looks out for fraying, blurring, or discoloration consequent on the shifting of the focus. The surprise that awaits him lies in the ease with which the eye accepts its new obligations. I was advised at the private presentation of "Becky Sharp," prior to its season at the New Gallery, to retire to the back rows of the circle.



"BULLDOG JACK," AT THE TIVOLI: JACK HULBERT AS THE HERO, WHO HAS TRACKED THE GANG TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, EMERGING FROM HIS HIDING PLACE IN A SARCOPHAGUS, WHILE THE CRIMINALS ARE STEALING THE JEWELS FROM AN IDOL.

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only the beginning of the real joy of movie-making—seeing all the gay scenes over again as often as you like. Every detail and every movement is caught as clear as day by the Ciné-Kodak.'

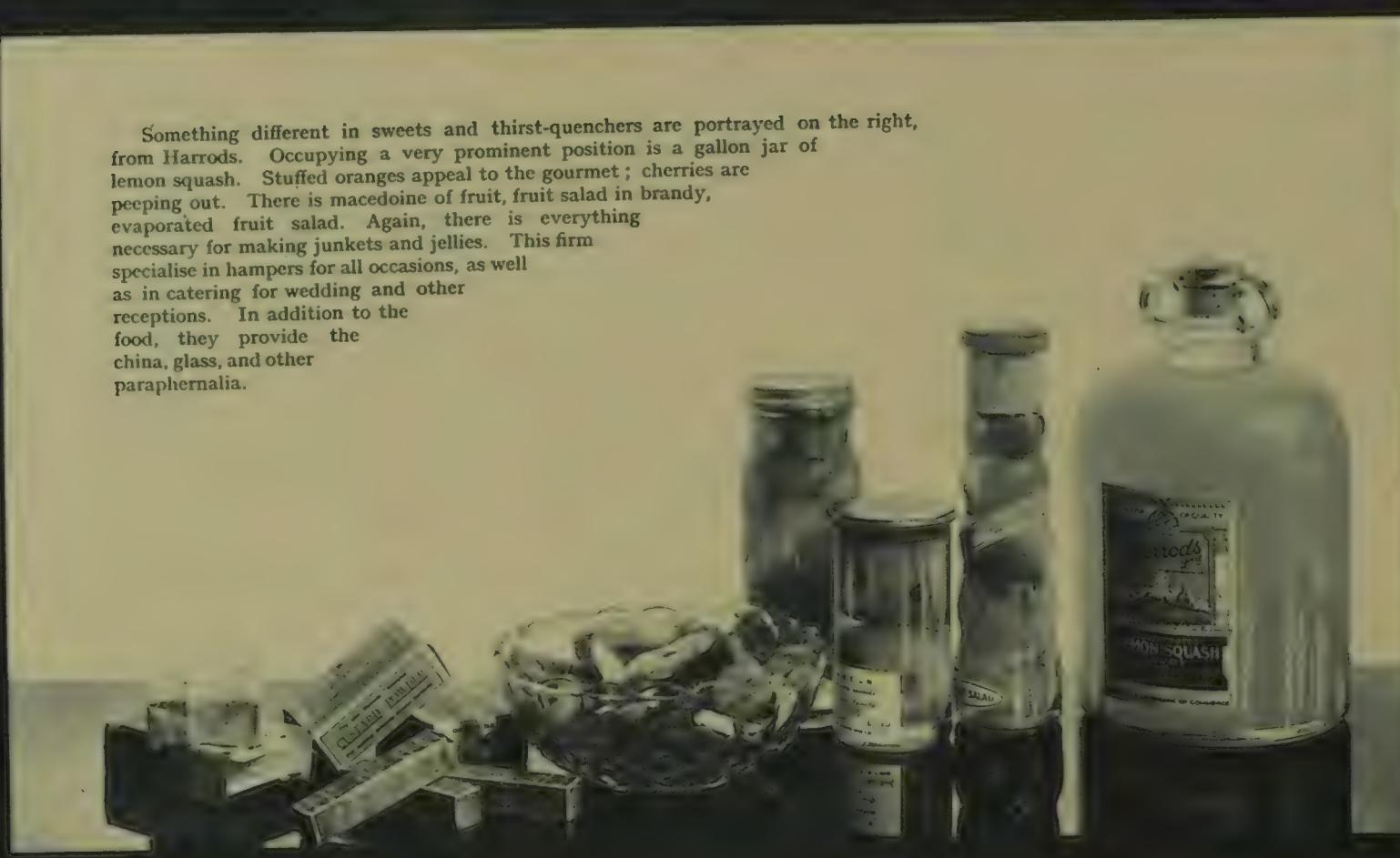
It costs so little, too, as your dealer will explain. The Ciné-Kodak' Eight is not at all expensive—and no movie-camera costs so little to run. You get the same fine value for money with the more elaborate models, which give you everything, even natural colour. Ask your dealer.

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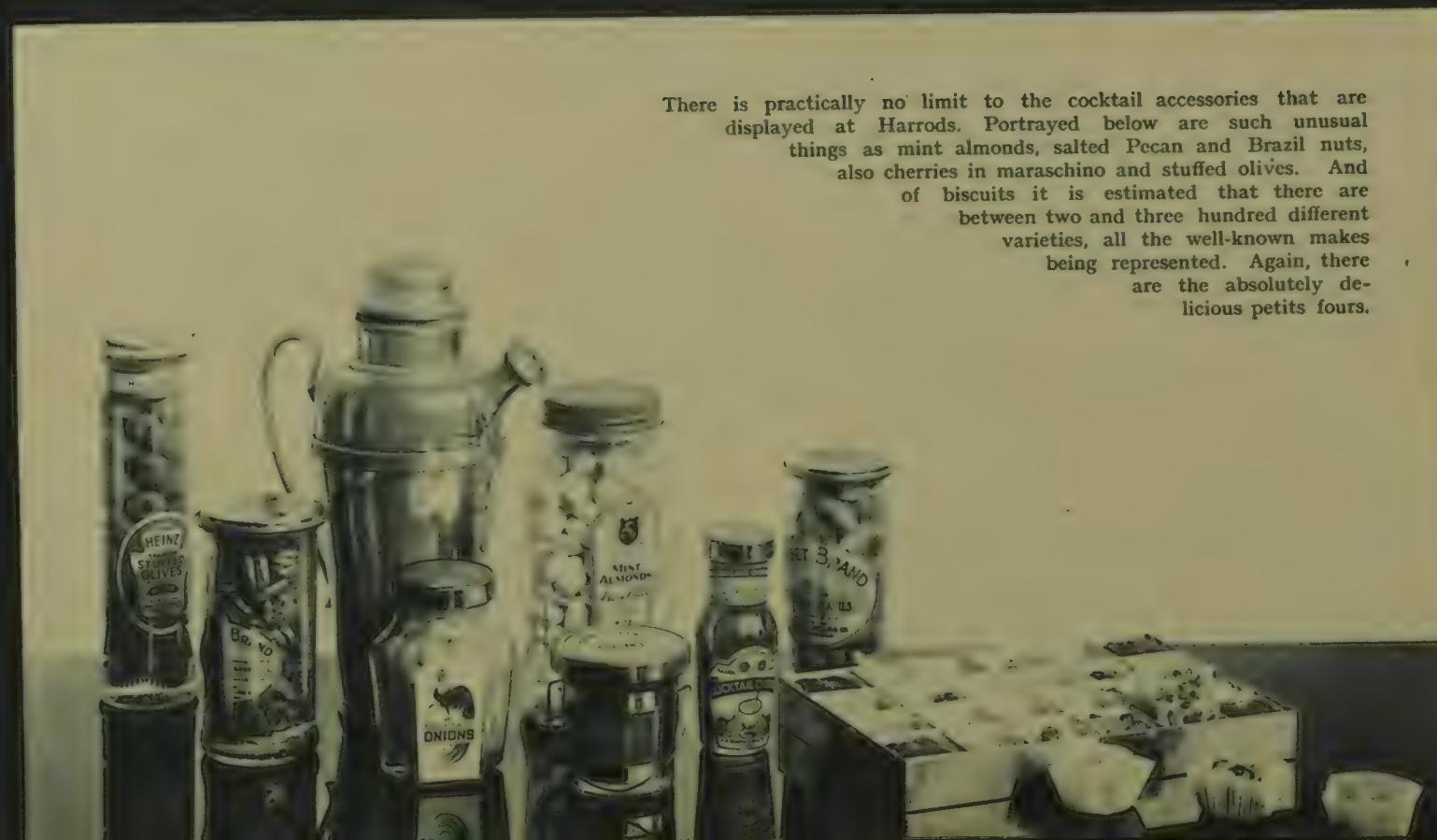
Women in bygone days spent many hours in creating condiments and conserves and were proud of their skill in this respect. Now they have no time for this work and seek the aid of Harrods', Knightsbridge, Food List, should circumstances prevent a visit. In the picture below there are unusual savouries. Looking like a "strangled" cucumber in the background is a Provoletti cheese, Stilton cheese is taking refuge in a jar, boar's head and galantine are in glass containers, also chou - chou pickles, chicken livers, turtle soup, and a host of other things.



Something different in sweets and thirst-quenchers are portrayed on the right, from Harrods. Occupying a very prominent position is a gallon jar of lemon squash. Stuffed oranges appeal to the gourmet; cherries are peeping out. There is macedoine of fruit, fruit salad in brandy, evaporated fruit salad. Again, there is everything necessary for making junkets and jellies. This firm specialise in hampers for all occasions, as well as in catering for wedding and other receptions. In addition to the food, they provide the china, glass, and other paraphernalia.



There is practically no limit to the cocktail accessories that are displayed at Harrods. Portrayed below are such unusual things as mint almonds, salted Pecan and Brazil nuts, also cherries in maraschino and stuffed olives. And of biscuits it is estimated that there are between two and three hundred different varieties, all the well-known makes being represented. Again, there are the absolutely delicious petits fours.





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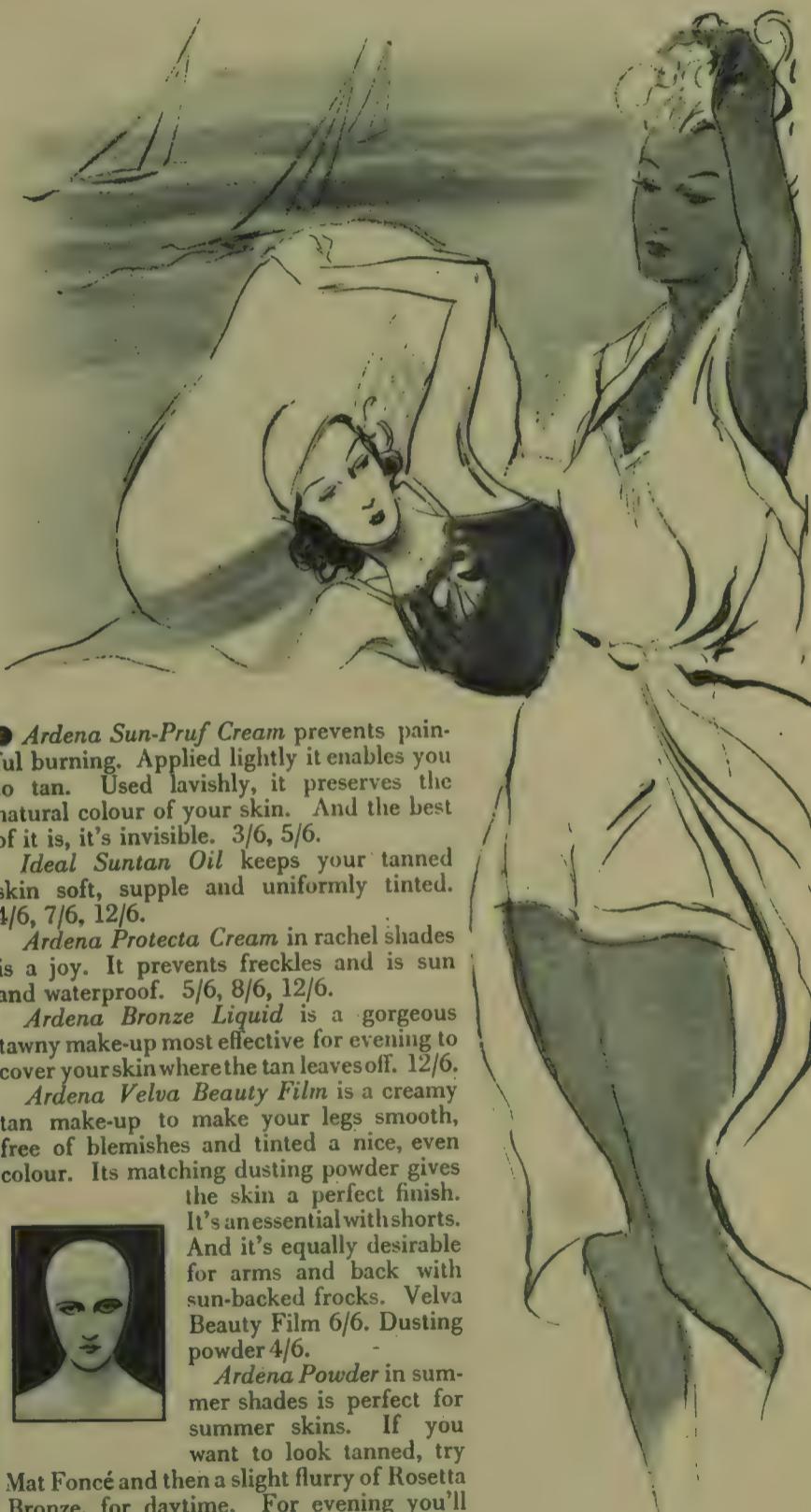


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Ardena Velva Beauty Film is a creamy tan make-up to make your legs smooth, free of blemishes and tinted a nice, even colour. Its matching dusting powder gives the skin a perfect finish. It's an essential with shorts. And it's equally desirable for arms and back with sun-backed frocks. Velva Beauty Film 6/6. Dusting powder 4/6.

Ardena Powder in summer shades is perfect for summer skins. If you want to look tanned, try Mat Foncé and then a slight flurry of Rosetta Bronze, for daytime. For evening you'll adore the effect of bright Lysetta glowing under a dusting of Mat Foncé. 7/6 and 12/6.

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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

VITTEL: A SPA OF LORRAINE.

WELL over a thousand feet up on the lovely Lorraine plateau, with its undulating lands, of meadows and forests, wooded hills and fertile valleys, and with

The Spa has the great advantage of being situated at some little distance from the town of Vittel, in beautiful, park-like grounds, approached from Vittel by a lovely avenue of limes; and here is the large and up-to-date thermal establishment, with equipment for hydrotherapy, massage, and electrical treatment; and with a fine pump-room, where one can take the highly beneficial cold saline and chaly-

beate waters

of the
springs
Grand
Source and
Source
Hépar, in
the galleries
of which
there are
smart shops,
reading and
writing
rooms, a
post - office,
and a gym-
nasium, and
from which
there is
access to the

Palmarium, a large building in which concerts are given and indoor games played. Here, too, are the Casino, built in a pleasing modern style, with gaming-rooms where baccarat, boule, and roulette are played; a theatre, where there are high-class performances of comedy and musical comedy; and a large concert hall, in which, or on the terrace adjoining, a splendid orchestra gives concerts daily; and the two luxurious



AT VITTEL: THE CASINO; SHOWING ITS WELL-ARRANGED TERRACES AND ITS CHARMING GROUNDS.

a fine view south-eastwards of the mountains of the Vosges, the Spa and holiday resort of Vittel is one which, with its delightful position and its manifold summertime charms, makes a very strong appeal to those who wish for a restful and healthful summer holiday. It is easily accessible from Paris, on the line from Langres to Nancy; it has a bracing and invigorating climate, and the virtues of its waters have been famed since Roman days, when it possessed baths, traces of which have been found in recent times. In later ages the springs fell into disuse, their revival dating from the mid-nineteenth century, since which time Vittel has gained in popularity, until to-day it ranks as one of the leading watering-places in France.



THE ERMITAGE HOTEL AT VITTEL SPA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ITS PLEASANT GROUNDS.

hotels: the Ermitage, at some little distance, in its own grounds; and the Grand, with accommodation and cuisine of the highest standard, and which complete Vittel's claim to distinction.

In the all-important matter of sport, Vittel Spa is distinctly to the fore, with a fine eighteen-hole golf-course, possessing a pleasant lay-out, over undulating ground, and facing the Hotel Ermitage; sixteen well-kept tennis courts; a polo ground and racecourse; a special children's sports ground, and bowling alleys; whilst there are good facilities for riding and fishing and for fencing. Flat race, steeplechase, and pony-trotting meetings are held during the season, and there are horse-jumping contests; polo matches are played during August for the Military Championship

[Continued overleaf.]



THE GRAND HOTEL AT VITTEL SPA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ITS FINE APPROACH.



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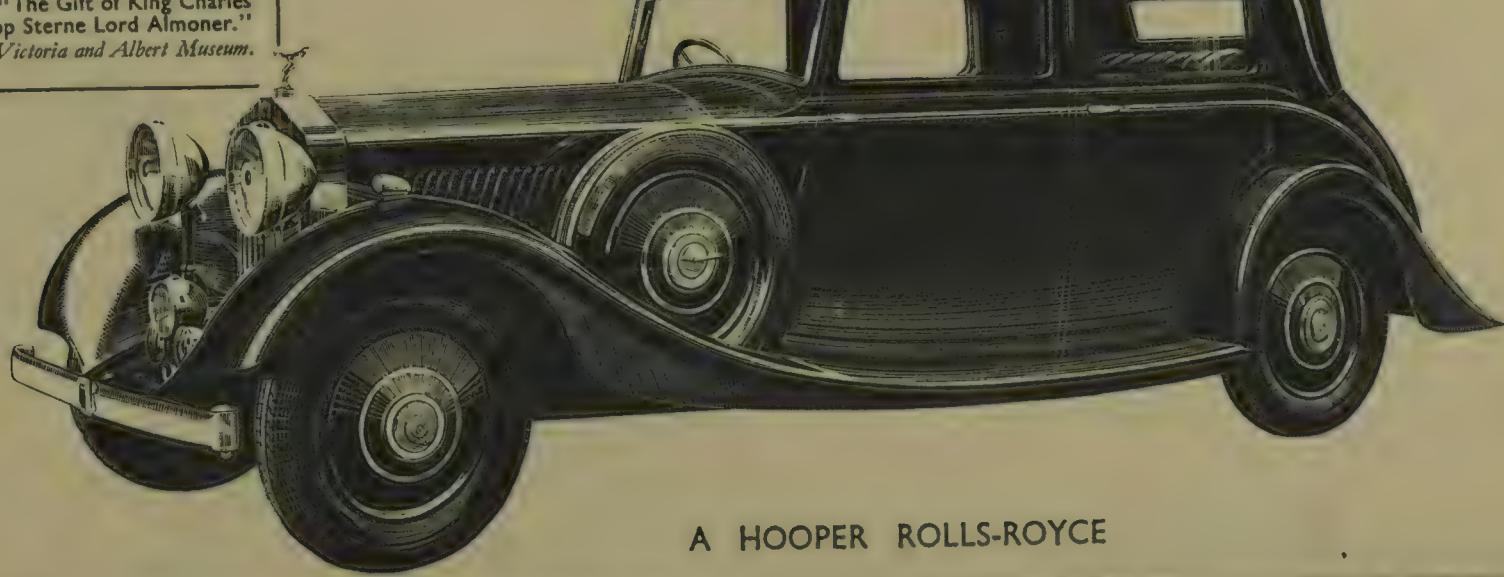
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Victoria and Albert Museum.



A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Continued.
of France, in which month, too, there is an International Fencing Tournament, and another attraction is a Concours d'Élégance for motors.

There are many charming walks in the neighbourhood—to La Croix de Norroy, Chapelle Sainte Anne, La Croix Pierrot, the Bois de la Tuilerie, Côte des Essarts and Mont Saint Jean, and to Haut de la Presle and the Bois des Mutins; short and easy ones are to Breterres Hill, Ferme de la Tuilerie, and Bois de la Vauviard. Interesting motor-runs are to Contrexéville, by the wood of the Grand Ban; to Mandres, by the route to Neufchâteau, returning by way of Contrexéville; to Valleroy-le-Sec, by the route Valfroicourt; to Parey, Domjulien, and Remoncourt; to Thuilières and Ermitage de Chèvre-Roche; to Saint-Baslemon, Viviers-le-Gras, and Dombret-le-Sec; and to the ruins of the Priory of Bonneval. Other places of note within easy motoring distance of Vittel are Bains-les-Bains; Monthureux-sur-Saône, the Abbaye de Droiteval, Château de Sandacourt, Charmes, Mirecourt, which has some fine churches, and Épinal, chief town of the Department of the Vosges; whilst the town of Vittel itself has an attractive old quarter—"du Haut du Crâ"—and some interesting buildings, among which one may mention the Church of Saint-Remi, flamboyant Gothic in style, with a curious fifteenth-century nave, and the Church of the Petit-Ban, with a transept of the fourteenth century.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CLOSE QUARTERS," AT THE HAYMARKET.

IT is something of a *tour de force* for a dramatist to hold the interest of an audience with a three-act play in which there are only two characters. It has only been attempted in the West End three times before since the war—twice by Mr. Herbert Thomas, with "Sinners Both" and "Out of Hell"; next with Mr. Eugene Walters' version of "Jealousy"; and now there is Mr. Gilbert Lennox's adaptation of "Close Quarters." This last, thanks to the fine acting of Miss Flora Robson and Mr. Oscar Homolka, holds the attention from start to finish. The curtain rises on the empty living-room of a cheap flat. In a state of agitation, the wife enters and hurriedly lays the table for her absent husband's meal. He is a cheery, conceited, lumbering labour leader, who, on the strength of promotion, is the worse for drink. Mr. Homolka exhibits the highest form of acting in this rôle, in

that never does he allow it to appear that he is acting. When news comes by the wireless of the murder of a Cabinet Minister, an avowed enemy of his, whose life he has often threatened, he realises with alarm that he passed the scene of the crime about the time it was committed. It is quickly revealed to the audience that it was the wife, seduced, and blackmailed into betraying her husband's political secrets, who has committed the crime. As, however, she had used her husband's revolver, and apparently left one of his gloves near the body, it is obvious that suspicion will point to the husband. A foreigner, hated by his political opponents, he appreciates he has no chance if accused of the crime; so the two decide to die together. There is an ironic ending that it would be unfair to reveal. Fine performances make this unusual play one that is well worth seeing.

"THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE," AT THE CRITERION.

The period of this play is 1895, so that middle-aged members of the audience will be able to appreciate how well the author, Mr. A. R. Rawlinson, has captured the atmosphere of forty years ago. Mr. Frederick Leister plays to perfection the rôle of a smug business man who, by economic pressure, keeps his family in subjection, though in his way he is kindly enough. Mary, at twenty-six, in those days when girls were seldom taught a profession, feels that her only hope of escape from home is by marriage. Some such instinct readily causes her to fall in love with the twenty-three-year-old nephew of the local vicar. This young man, a born speculative builder, considers the district round his sweetheart's home "ripe for development," and suggests the land should be bought up with that object. By offering him his fare to Australia and enough capital to set up in business there, the father succeeds in getting him out of the country. Mary cherishes the memory of her only love for forty years, to discover, in the epilogue, that the man had not only jilted but forgotten her. She learns this by the appearance of his son, who has bought the house and grounds with the idea of adding the final touch to the cheap red-brick villas with which he has surrounded it. The play is perfectly acted by Miss Marie Ney, Mr. Harold Scott, Miss Dorothy Hamilton, and, indeed, all the cast. Sympathetically produced by Mr. Claud Gurney, it is full of atmosphere, and should appeal to all who enjoy such comedies as "Many Waters," which in some way it resembles.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AT the present time, the subject which appears to interest motorists, if technically inclined, is cylinder wear of the engines of their cars. Why this topic should be uppermost rather puzzles me. Is it that there are so large a number of old cars in use which require reborning and the fitting of new oversized pistons, or is it that the newer cars of 1932-35 are giving trouble that way? Of course, ancient owners lay the blame on the less volatile petrol obtainable to-day than in pre-war times, together with the abuse of chokes so flooding the cylinders with fluid petrol as to destroy the oil film on the cylinder-walls in order to start up the engine from cold. Younger automobile engineers do not altogether agree that this is the chief cause in these days of aluminium pistons. At any rate, the subject provides a large variety of views to be aired, but so far I have not found many cures. Quite recently a well-known automobile engineer manufactured engines with linerless alloy cylinders in place of cast-iron cylinders or aluminium alloy with steel liners, a common practice to-day. After these engines had been running in various vehicles for a considerable mileage, it was discovered that very little, if any, wear had taken place. So naturally the technical folk became very interested, and asked the original designer if he could give a reason for their extra-good service. This was his reply, and deserves full consideration, as it may have a considerable effect on future motors. (That is why it appears in these notes.)

In the first place, it is well known that, when a hard metal is set to run against a soft metal, what wear does take place is usually confined to the hard metal. A good example of this is the white metal bearing against the hardened steel crankshaft. It is invariably the crankshaft steel that wears and not the white metal of the bearing. The accepted cause of this is that the soft metal permits particles of abrasive material to embed in its surface, and produce a lapping effect upon the harder surface, in which these particles are unable to obtain a hold. For the same reason mechanics use a "lap" of soft metal, such as lead, for increasing the size of a hole in hard metal. In the conventional piston and cylinder construction a soft aluminium piston is set to work in a soft cast-iron cylinder-bore. These two metals do not work well together. They require very careful running-in.

[Continued overleaf.]



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Continued.]

and wear is much more rapid than it should be. To stop that, this engineer has the piston made of the same material as the cylinder, which in itself removes (he states) one of the snags of the conventional engine;



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namely, having piston and cylinder made from metals of widely varying co-efficients of expansion.

The piston is fitted with very hard rings of metal, found by experience to work well against aluminium alloy; and, as these rings prevent the piston from touching the cylinder-walls, we have a condition in which the soft and non-wearing element is the expensive part, and the wearable part—namely, the piston-rings—is cheaply and easily replaceable. Even so, it is claimed that the wear on the rings is very low indeed, and as the heat flow from any piston to the cylinder is mainly *via* the rings, this heat flow is improved in this system

by having three sides of the ring in contact with the piston instead of two. I am told that this aluminium alloy cylinder has been tried on a number of engines, with good results in every case, and it is invariably found that, due to the lower mean temperature of the combustion chamber, a higher compression pressure can be safely used, thereby improving thermal efficiency and power output per 1000 c.c. capacity.

Racing this season has somewhat put a damper on the progress of incorporating a supercharger as standard equipment of touring cars. Mr. Freddie Dixon's wonderful display of speed of the 2-litre six-cylinder unsupercharged Riley has made the designer ponder whether Dixon's idea of mixing a 100 per cent. Octane (non-pinking) fuel and using it with a very high compression for the engine is not as good a method and perhaps less costly than fitting a permanent supercharger. But that is the view of the highly technical motorist; the ordinary man in the street who buys cars for use in England has little need for extra speeding devices. Every car built and sold in the United Kingdom at present can travel about a mile to the minute. It is only speeds in excess of that rate where a supercharger helps the engine, whether of nominal 8 h.p. or 80 h.p. Moreover, our big British cars and those of other countries have maximum speeds up to 100 m.p.h. So the high-speed car purchaser is catered for at present.

People are often to be heard asking whether it is really true that the separate, independent springing of the front wheels of a motor-car

can possibly affect the comfort of the passengers in the back. There must be great numbers of motorists who would like to come to the truth of the matter. They read claims made by advertisers—and find it hard to believe that they can be true. Then they read Sir Malcolm Campbell's statement that "the present method of suspension adopted by most of our leading manufacturers is, I venture to say, out of date," and this makes them wonder.

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